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SLEEP ON IN BEAUTY.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

Sleep on in beauty! Sleep!
Nought can disturb thy peaceful slumber now,
Those eyes no more shall weep,
Nor care shade thy fair brow—
Calm in thy matchless beauty thou dost lie.
If this be death, oh! who would fear to die!

Those marble lips no more,
With tint of rose shall wreathe in friendship's smile;
Or music from their portal—as before
Death smote thee—e're beguile:
Whose tones seraphic smote the list'ning ear,
With liquid melody all loved to hear.

Thy heart in purity
Pass'd through a world o'erwhelmed with sin's dark stain;
May Heaven thy portion be
Now freed from earthly pain,
Death's angel hovered o'er thy pathway bright,
And thy pure spirit soar'd its upward flight.

In thy still beauty sleep!
For angels bright are watching o'er thee now.
And though in grief we weep,
All peaceful is thy brow.
Calm in thy matchless beauty thou dost lie,
If this be death, oh! who would fear to die?

HARTFORD, Conn.

THE
GUN MAKER OF MOSCOW;
OR,
VALDIMIR THE MONK.

A TALE OF THE EMPIRE UNDER PETER THE GREAT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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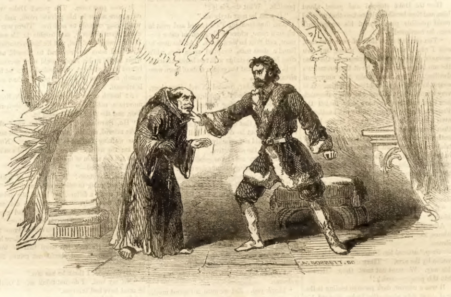


OLGA'S EXASPERATION, ON BEING INFORMED BY THE HUMP-BACKED PRIEST OF THE ESCAPE OF RURIC.

CHAPTER XVI.

THWARTED, BUT NOT SUBDUED.

It was long after midnight, and yet the widow Nevel had not sought her bed. She was now pacing to and fro across her kitchen, and the boy Paul sat nodding in his chair. Suddenly the woman stopped, and Paul started up.

"Do you think that message was a false one?" she asked, looking the boy in the face.

"I don't know," he returned. "If he came from the black monk, as he said he did, then I think he spoke the truth."

"Oh! They would not have deceived me."

"No, my mistress, I am sure they would not."

"But it is very late,"

"Hark!—There are bells."

The widow heard them, and with a wildly fluttering heart she sank into a chair.

"They have stopped in front of the house," uttered Paul, whose ears were bent.

"Go—go—open——"

Paul started. The widow heard the door opened, and she heard voices in the hall. In a moment more the inner door was opened, and she looked up. She saw a manly form—she heard the magic word—*Mother*—trembling upon the air. With one low cry of joy she started to her feet, and on the next moment she was clasped to the bosom of her son.

"Did I not tell you I'd bring him back to you?" cried Valdimir, rubbing his hands with joy.

"Oh! God bless you, sir!" the widow murmured, gazing through her tears into the monk's face.

"So, so," returned the strange man. "The blessing of an honest soul is reward enough for one night, so I'll take myself off for the present."

"No, no," cried Ruric. "You'll remain here till morning."

But the monk could not be prevailed upon so to do. He had business to attend to, and he could not stop; and he hurried away as quickly as possible to avoid the thanks that were showered upon him.

After Valdimir was gone, Ruric sat down and related to his mother all that had occured since that day on which he left her to go and see the Count. She trembled fearfully as he related the diabolical attempts that had been made upon him; and when he had concluded she sat for a few moments like one in a painful trance.

"And do you think," she said at length, while a cold shudder ran through her frame, "that the Duke of Tula was the cause of all this?"

"I am sure of it, my mother."

"Then you are not safe yet."

"But I shall see the Emperor."

"I have seen him, my son."

"Ah,—and what said he?"

"Why—he said if we could find out who had done you harm he would punish them. Then I asked him—suppose it was a duke; and he said in that case he should have to look into the matter. Oh! I fear he would not dare to punish the powerful Olga."

"Perhaps not; but yet, my mother, I will give him credit for better things. Yet," the youth continued, in a sad tone, "there is one for whom I care more than self, and who is now within the wicked Duke's power. Oh! she is his beyond any power of the Emperor!"

"Not absolutely beyond his power, is she?" the mother asked.

"Why—of course Peter has the power to set aside any wardship, but 'twould not be policy for him to interfere in the domestic affairs of his powerful nobles. I feel sure that his heart would bid him interfere; but his judgment would oppose it. You have seen Rosalind?"

"Yes."

"And was she unhappy when she knew that I was missing?"

"Ah, Ruric," returned the mother, with a kindling eye, "you do not know how that noble girl loves you. O, her heart was almost broken when she knew that evil had befallen you."

The widow had it in her mind to tell of the scene which had transpired upon the Duke's coming into the maiden's presence when she was there, but she thought a second time ere she spoke; and she then concluded not to speak of it at present, for she knew 'twould only serve to give her son additional pain without bestowing any benefit.

"By heavens!" uttered Ruric, at the end of a troubled reverie, and at the same time clasping his hands vehemently together, "was ever man so surrounded by impenetrable mystery before! This monk is surely a good man. He has served me well, and I am sure he would serve me more if opportunity offered. But who is he? Have you found out anything concerning him?"

"I have not, my son."

"But is it not strange?"

"It is."

And so they conversed until their drooping lids would no longer remain apart, and then, having first rendered up their thanks to God, and asked his help for the future, they retired to their respective places of rest. Ruric had strange dreams, and for the life of him he could not tell whether they were good or bad. Once he dreamed that he was a duke himself, and that he had a wife whose face he had never seen. She would not raise her veil until the ceremony was performed. Then she removed the obstruction, and Ruric started on beholding the face of Valdimir the monk! And then Valdimir seemed to say,—"All this I have done for thee. Do you like it?" And Ruric dared not object because Valdimir had done so much for him.

And now, while Ruric awakes from his dreams and wonders what they meant, let us look in and see what is going on in the ducal palace.

It was early morning, and the Duke of Tula was once more in his own private apartment. He had not slept well, for he, too, had had dreams, and they were troublesome ones. They hung about him even now, and they filled his mind with dark and gloomy forebodings. He paced to and fro across the apartment, sometimes stopping and bowing his head, and then starting on again with new clouds upon his brow. Thus he walked and pondered until he was aroused by a stealthy footfall close by the door. He stopped and listened. He knew the step. 'Twas the one he had been waiting for. He moved to the door and opened it, and the hump-backed priest Savotano, entered the apartment.

"By St. Paul, Savotano, I feared you would never come," the Duke uttered, as his workman closed the door behind him.

"I would have come sooner if I could, my lord; but even now it is early morning. The sun is hardly above the city walls."

"Well—it is early, I know; but I have not slept well."

"I have not slept at all, my lord."

"No. Savotano,—you look worn and weary. But you have been at work."

"Aye—I have."

"And you have come to tell me the result of that work. Does it move you so, to do such work? I thought you were used to it."

The priest gazed into his master's face, but he did not speak.

"Bah!" uttered Olga, contemptuously. "What is the killing of a man? But tell me—did you conceal the body so that no one will find it?"

It was some moments before Savotano spoke. His frame trembled, and his hands worked nervously together. But at length he said, in a hesitating tone,—

"He is not dead, my lord."

"Not dead yet? But you promised me he should be."

"I know—but we could not do it."

"Bah! I gave ye credit for more firmness. Not kill a man? What is there so terrible in it?"

"You misunderstood me, my lord. We did all we could towards killing him, but he escaped us."

"Hold!" cried the Duke, starting forward and grasping the priest by the shoulder. "You do not mean that Ruric Nevel has escaped you."

"He has, my lord."

"But not entirely! You do not mean that he has fairly gone from out your hands?"

"He has, my lord.—But listen——"

"Listen, thou bungler? By the saints, what story can ye tell to make that smooth and reasonable? You had him in your power, and you should have kept him."

"But, my lord, the devil himself is working for that man. We went last night to kill the fellow, and I waited all of two hours for Totma and Viska, but the rascals did not come, and I engaged others."

"And did they prove treacherous?" cried Olga, in sudden passion.

"No, my lord—they did their best, but they were interrupted by that accursed black monk, who came backed by some dozen men."

"What! Do you mean that Valdimir came there?"

"Yes."

"And with a band of armed men?"

"Yes."

"Then, by the gods, there's treachery somewhere!"

"I know not what to think, my lord," returned Savotano, in an uneasy, perplexed tone. "The only men who are absent are Sesko Totma and Frederic Viska; and they are surely our best men."

"But you see plainly that there must have been treachery!" exclaimed the Duke, passionately. "Oh! how I would like to know the man! And did this monk carry off the gun-maker?"

"He did. And he captured four of our men. I escaped without being seen."

"That is fortunate——"

"I mean that the monk did not see me—nor did any of his followers. But the the gun-maker saw me."

"And do you think he mistrusted you had any hand in the matter of his imprisoment?"

"I should judge so," returned the priest, with a peculiar twinge of vengeance about the lips. "The villain knocked me down."

"Ha!"

"Aye—the moment he saw me."

"But do you think he *knows* anything about it?"

"No. I do not think he does. He can only suspect."

"Then we'll be prepared for him if your own men are to be depended upon. But leave that to me. I'll fix that matter with the Emperor. I'll see him this very day, and be sure he shall have a story that can destroy all evidence which these fellows can hatch up."

"But I must flee, my lord."

"Not yet, Savotano. I must have your help within a very short time. By the true God I swear, that the Countess Rosalind Valdai shall be my wife within the present week. I'll place the seal of fact upon that matter at once. Fear not, for I know my influence over the Emperor will shield you from all harm. Why, Peter would sooner lose his right hand than lose me."

"Then most surely I will remain, my lord, for I much wish to perform that ceremony for you. But who is this black monk?—this Valdimir?"

The Duke started across the floor, and for some moments he continued pacing to and fro. When he stopped he brought his hands together with an energetic movement, and looking the priest sternly in the face, he said,—

"Let that monk be who he may; whether man or devil, God or saint, I'll destroy him! I have the power, and I'll use it. As Warden of the city I have the power to arrest him upon suspicion of conspiracy. I'll do it! Where is he now?"

"I know not."

"Never mind, I'll to the Emperor first. I'll study my plan, and ere the sun sets it shall be carried out. By heavens, I'll be baffled thus no more. I could have wished that this gun-maker had been quietly out of the way, for then all would have been clear and plain, and I should not have feared the trouble of his clamoring about my ears. But let him go. I would not give much for the life he has left. I'll dispose of him soon. But that monk.—By heavens he dies at once, and without consultation with the Emperor; for I can swear he is a conspirator."

"Good!" ejaculated the priest.

And thus the business was arranged for the present. Passion helped the Duke wonderously in his conclusions; and the *wish* was made into the *power*. But even before the priest left the stout nobleman began to wish that he had a very little more power. In fact, as he came to reason he began to doubt; but he gave up not one idea of the plan he had formed for the vengeance his soul so madly craved.

CHAPTER XVII.

TRANSACTIONS OF A NIGHT.

"I dare not! O, I dare not!"

"But it is your only hope."

"And whither shall we go?"

"Anywhere rather than remain here. Oh! my mistress, if you do stay here you know the fate which awaits you. There is no other means of escape from the wicked Duke's power."

"And I must thus cast myself among strangers—lose my all of earth——"

"Hold, Rosalind. By St. Paul, there is surely one in Moscow who will help you. Let us go to the Emperor. Oh, if he be the man I have heard he will surely listen."

"Ah, Zenobie,—the Duke is high in power, and his influence is great at court. Peter would not dare to thwart him."

"It may be so, but I do not believe it. And yet, my mistress, just think, for one moment, how you stand in that respect. You have nothing to lose. This life of earth, with all its pains and sorrows, and with its most exquisite tortures, hold nothing worse for you within the bounds of possibility than to become the Duke's wife. If there were but one chance in the thousand you had better try it. Remember—you cannot possibly lose anything, but the chances are for you. Let us go to the Emperor."

"But how, Zenobie?"

"This evening—after the darkness of night has gathered over the city—let us go. I tell you I do not believe the Emperor will deliberately suffer a great wrong to be done for the sake of pacifying the Duke. He has more noble independence than that."

The young Countess did not answer at once. She pressed her small white hand hard upon her brow, and thus she remained for some time burried in profound thought. At length she raised her head, and the fire of determination was in her eye."

"I will go," she said. "I will go to the Emperor. He will help me if he has a human heart."

"You have one satisfaction, my mistress: he cannot harm you."

"Cannot?"

"I mean that you can but be made to marry with Olga; and all other harm would be as nothing compared with that."

"Aye—you are right, Zenobie. We will go this very night."

The more Rosalind pondered upon this new resolve the more hope did she derive from it. Ere long she conversed more freely, with her attendant, and at times that old smile would struggle for a moment upon her face. Yet she had gloomy moments, too. Her fear was too deeply fixed to be swept away so easily.

The afternoon passed away, and as the shades of night gathered over the great city the two girls were astir. Zenobie gathered together such articles of clothing as would be needed, and then proceeded to prepare her mistress for the adventure.

"Fear not," she said, as she drew on Rosalind's robe of fur, "for there can be no danger worse than that we flee from. Try only to remember that you flee from the Duke's foul embrace!"

This served to nerve the fair young Countess up to the task, and her frame ceased its trembling.

"I shall not falter now," she said. "But shall we find the Emperor at this late hour?"

"Bless me, 'tis not late. But even if we do not see him to-night we can do it in the morning. We shall find plenty in the imperial palace who will shelter us till then."

The girls were now ready, and all that remained was to start on their strange mission. With noiseless steps they left the apartment where they had dressed and proceeded along the corridor to the great stair-case. Zenobie knew there would be less danger there than to go down the other way among the servants. Having descended these stairs they came to the great hall which opened one way into the saloons. They took the former course, and were soon in the court. The only trouble now was in passing the porter's lodge at the gate, for they knew the great gate was not open, and to gain the street they must pass through the room where the porter always staid. Zenobie went ahead and looked in. The porter sat by the fire playing with his dog.

"My mistress," whispered the girl, as she came back, "old John is in the lodge, and we need have no fear. He is a simple, good-natured fellow, and I am sure I can get by him. Do you go in advance—cover up your face—don't look at him; and be sure you don't tremble. Leave it all to me. Remember now: you have——"

"Fear not, Zenobie. Go on."

So on they went, and when they reached the lodge Rosalind went in first and stood by the wicket, while Zenobie followed, and opened the door that looked into the porter's room.

"Good John," she uttered, in anxious tones, "come and open the wicket for me quick. My good mistress is very ill, and Tilda and I are going for the doctor. Come—be quick."

"But why don't some of the men go?" asked John, as he started up and forced his dog back.

"Because 'twould take them longer to do the errand than 'twill us. But don't detain us. We shan't be gone long."

The honest porter had orders not to allow the Countess to pass out, but he thought not of that now. He had known the gentle girl from a child, and so well did he love her that he might not have stopped her even had he known she was then waiting to pass out. At all events, he could not refuse the present request, so he came out and opened the wicket without further question, and the girls passed through.

"Now—now," uttered Zenobie, in nervous haste, "we are clear of the palace. Here is the street. Our walk is not long."

Rosalind answered not, but drawing her robe more closely about her to keep out the cold, biting wind, she hastened along by the side of her companion. Hope was now alive within her. She turned one glance behind her, and she could see the light which she had left burning in her chamber. It seemed at that moment to be the fiery eye of a demon gazing after her, and instinctively she quickened her pace.

* * * * * * *

Twice during the day did the Duke of Tula call at the imperial palace without being able to find the Emperor; but in the evening he was more fortunate. The Emperor was in, and Olga was admitted at once to his presence.

"Well, my lord Duke," said Peter, as Olga approached, what business calls you from home at this hour?"

"Business of importance, sire. Business of less moment to me than to the State."

"Ah? Proceed."

Only two attendants were with the Emperor, one of whom was Demetrius the Greek, and the place of audience was in one of the private apartments near the bed-chamber, where only priviliged ones were ever allowed to come.

"Sire," commenced the Duke, "you remember the gun-maker who was before you not long since?"

"Ah—yes. The one who took my Greek's sword from him."

"The same, sire. Have you heard from him since?"

"By my soul, Olga, I had well nigh forgotten the fellow. Yes, yes,—I remember him well now. He was a right stout knave."

"Aye—and a dangerous one, too, sire. A dangerous man," said the Duke, with a dubious shake of the head.

"Ah—what has he done?"

"Why—he has been engaged in various robberies to my certain knowledge; and only a few evenings since he knocked down one of our holy priests, and robbed him of all he had. He is at the head of a numerous band of desperadoes."

"Is it possible?"

"I know it, sire."

"By St. Paul, I should not have believed this."

"Nor would I have believed it, sire, had I not received proofs not to be questioned. I, as is my duty, have long been anxious to ferret out this gang of robbers——"

"But I have never heard of them, Olga," interrupted Peter.

"Ah, sire, because I gave directions that you should not be troubled with the affair. But I have them now. It is only last evening that I got a clue upon them. We found them in an old building near the river, here in the Kremlin, and this same Ruric Nevel was with them. But he made his escape."

"I do remember me now that the fellow had a bold bearing, and a fearless look," said the Emperor, half to himself; "and if such a man turns villain there must be danger in it."

"Aye, sire,—you speak truly.—And now, with your order, I can apprehend the fellow at once."

"I can send and have it done my dear Duke."

"But your officers may not find him. I know where he is, and can have him taken at once. He has several hiding places."

"Well—then you might do the work with more advantage."

"Aye; and I can have him tried and disposed of without further trouble to you, sire."

"No, no. I wish to see him," returned the Emperor. "I will give you the necessary order, and you may bring him here."

Peter then turned to his secretary, and bade him fill an order for Ruric Nevel's arrest. The stout master-at-arms looked on with a troubled countenance, and his glances towards the Duke were anything but loving. He did not seem to relish the business at all, and the expression of his countenance would seem to indicate that he did not believe all that the Duke had said.

However, the order was soon made out, and in the Duke's possession.

"Remember," said Peter,—"you will bring him before me."

"You shall shall be obeyed, sire."

If the Emperor did not notice the strange, dark look of the Duke as he turned away, the Greek did; and he fancied, too, that he knew what it meant. But he said nothing then.

Olga bowed low as he clutched the order, and having once more promised obedience, he hurried from the imperial presence. As he passed out through the wide court he walked slowly and thoughtfully, and with his head bowed; but soon he started up—his hands came together with an emphatic movement, and he moved on more quickly. He had gained the street, and approached a small court within which stood a house of entertainment, where he stopped. In a few moments more a man came out from the inn, and as soon as he had satisfied himself that the new comer was the Duke he spoke.

"Olga—is't you?"

"Yes."

It needed but a single glance in the dim starlight, to recognize the form of the hump-backed priest. He walked quickly to where the Duke stood, and the two moved off together.

"Now what luck?" Savotano asked, as they gained the street once more.

"Good—as good as I could even hope," returned the Duke. "I have the power for arresting the gun-maker."

"And for executing him?"

"It amounts to the same. I am ordered to bring him before the Emperor; but that is easily managed."

Here the Duke stopped and gazed about him, and then bending his head, so that no word could possibly pass beyond his companion's ears, he continued,—

"You can call upon three of your best men, and I can furnish two from among my own servants. Early in the morning—by the time the sun is up—they must be at the gun-maker's dwelling. They must make him angry—of course he will resist—and then kill him. It is very simple—very. They can easily despatch him thus, and then we have only to tell the Emperor that he resisted the imperial authority even unto death. So you see this is even better than it would have been had I received direct authority for his death; for then some form of trial would have been necessary, but now we have only to go to his house—provoke him to quarrel—kill him—and then tell the Emperor how it happened. What think you?"

"Why," returned the priest with a wicked chuckle, "I can only say that Master Nevel is done for—he is a dead man."

"Exactly. Nothing could be better—nothing."

After the explanation of this fiendish, hellish scheme, the two walked on some distance in silence.

"Stop," uttered the Duke, catching his companion by the arm. "There come two persons this way. We must not meet them. Here—into this passage—quick!"

It was a narrow, dark passage leading to the next street into which the Duke dragged his companion, and here he meant to remain until the two persons had passed. The fact was, the Duke did not wish to be seen with the priest at that hour in the street, and it is no matter of surprise that he should at that moment have beeen influenced by guilty fear. The two pedestrians came on, and passed the spot where the men stood. They were females, and one of them the priest saw in the face. The features were upturned to the starlight, and he recognized them. He caught the Duke quickly and nerverously by the arm.

"By the host of heaven!" he whispered, "'twas the countess!"

"*Rosalind?*" gasped Olga.

"Yes—as sure as death!"

"Then come—quick!"

Savotano understood the meaning of this, and he followed the Duke quickly out. At a few bounds Olga reached the females, and one of them he caught by the arm. She uttered a sharp, quick cry, and as she turned her face up she revealed the fair features of the Countess Rosalind Valdai! The priest had no need to stop the other girl, for she stopped of her own accord as soon as she found that her mistress was captured.

"Aha!" Olga uttered, when he saw that pale face. "What now, eh? Where are you bound at this unseemly hour?"

"Oh, God!" It was all the poor girl could utter. She saw the dark face of her hated and feared guardian, and the last glimmer of hope faded from her soul.

"By my soul," the Duke resumed, fastening his gripe surely upon the maiden's arm, "it is fortunate I have found you, for you might have fallen into difficulty else. You were bound for the Imperial Palace, eh?"

At first Rosalind thought of struggling for escape, but she felt the strong gripe upon her arm, and she knew that such a movement could result only in her own harm.

"Say," repeated the Duke, "were you not bound for the palace?"

"Aye, proud Duke, I was," the Countess replied, gazing up into the man's face. "I was trying to escape from your accursed power!"

"Aha! But come—we'll turn towards home. You'll be better off there. And this is our little Zenobie, is it?"

The attendant looked up, but she made no reply. Then Olga turned to the priest.

"Savotano, hurry off your men in the morning, and then come to me. I'll have work for you to-morrow. By Saint Paul, this work delays no longer!"

And then, with a sinking, breaking heart, Rosalind Valdai was led back towards the ducal palace.

CHAPTER XVIII.

STRANGE AND COMPLICATED.

Ruric Nevel dreamed that he was a great general, and that he was upon the eve of an engagement. He gained a view of the commander of the opposing army, and he saw that it was the Duke of Tula. Yet the Duke had an enormous hump upon his back, and instead of the usual uniform he wore the garb of a priest. This was very strange;—at least, so ran Ruric's thoughts in the dream. Soon the engagement commenced, and the loud-mouthed artillery opened its thunder. The din was deafening and strange, and Ruric shouted in vain to his aids, for the roar of cannon drank up his words direct from his lips. Louder and more loud grew the crash, and finally Ruric started for the charge. His horse was shot under him, and with a quick leap he reached his feet.

"*Ruric! Ruric! My master!*"

Slowly the youth opened his eyes, and Paul stood by him in his night-clothes. He gazed about him, and found that he had leaped from his bed, and now stood shivering upon the floor. The boy held a lighted candle in his hand.

"Don't you hear that racket at the door?" asked Paul.

"What?—Ha—there is some one knocking," Ruric uttered, as he heard the sound.

"And have you not heard it before?"

"No."

"Why did you leap up thus?"

"I was dreaming."

"I thought 'twas the noise below. Why—they've been making a perfect thunder of noise down there. Shall I go down?"

"Yes, go, Paul; and I will dress as soon as possible. What time is it?"

"It must be near daybreak."

And thus speaking Paul turned and went to his own room, where he threw on an outer garment, and then he went down. At the door he found a stout man, wrapped up in furs, while close by stood a sledge with two horses attached to it. In the east the golden tints of morn were already visible.

"A gun-maker, named Nevel, lives here, does he not?" asked the applicant, after having first made some passing remark on the trouble he had had in starting some one up.

Paul feared that there might be something out of the way, but he dared not tell a falsehood where it could not possibly be of any use, so he answered in the affirmative.

"Then let me see him as speedily as possible."

"He is preparing to come down, sir. If you will walk in you may see him very soon."

The stranger followed the boy into the kitchen, where it was quite warm, the fire in the furnace having been burning all night. Ere long Ruric came down, and the visitor started up.

"How?" uttered the gun-maker, starting forward and extending his hand. "Demetrius?"

"Aye, my friend," the Greek replied, with a smile. "I am an early visitor, eh?"

"I should say so; but, early or late, you are welcome."

"Thank you. But we must not spend much time here now. My sledge is here at your door, and I wish you to accompany me."

"But wherefore is this?" asked the youth in surprise. "What has happened now?"

"I'll tell you: Last night Olga, the Duke, came to see the Emperor. I had just been giving his majesty some exercise at the sword, so I was present at the interview. The Duke wished for power to arrest you; and in explanation of the request he stated that you were at the head of a band of robbers here in the city, and that you had already committed several robberies. I needn't tell you all he said—but he made you out to be a most unmitigated villain, and with this the Emperor granted his request. Olga wished for power to execute you at once, but Peter would not go so far as that. He gave the power of arrest, but ordered the Duke to bring you before him."

Ruric stood for a few moments like one confounded.

"Then he must carry me to the Emperor," he said, at length.

"Ah," returned Demetrius, with a dubious shake of the head, "be not too sure of that. I saw a look upon his face when he turned away that meant more than he dared to speak. As sure as fate he never means that you shall see the Emperor. I know it—I saw it in his evil eye."

"But will he dare disobey the order?"

"Yes, for he hopes to escape by falsehood. How easy for him to swear that he had to kill you to take you."

"I see—I see," uttered Ruric.

"Then come with me."

"Did the Emperor send you?"

"No; but I take the responsibility. I will take you to him myself. Be sure the Duke's hirelings will be here before long. Trust to me and all shall be well."

Ruric pondered a few moments, and he saw that his friend was right.

"Let me go and see my mother," he said, "and then I will go with you."

"But make haste," urged the Greek, "for the Duke's men may be here soon, and I do not wish them to see you. And—tell your mother to inform whoever may call, that she knows not where you are gone, but that you will be back at night."

The youth nodded assent, and then went into his mother's room, where he explained to her what had happened, and what he was about to do.

"And how long must these things be?" the mother uttered, gazing eagerly upon her son.

"Not long," returned Ruric. "I may do much towards settling the matter to-day. But fear not, for I am now safe, and shall be until I see you again."

The widow promised all that her son asked, and soon became assured that all was well; but Paul was left with the duty of attending to those who might come for Ruric, though they might see the widow if they persisted. The boy promised to tell all that asked for his master that he was gone away on business, and would not return till evening.

The mother came out before Ruric was ready to start, and her examination of the Greek's countenance seemed to be satisfactory, for the anxious look left her face, and she looked upon the visitor kindly.

As Ruric entered the sledge the dawn of day was plainly announced in the east, and the stars were paling in the sky. The Greek did not take the direct road to the Kremlin, but struck off to the westward, and so entered by the Neglina.

An hour later a party of five men drove up to the gun-maker's cot. They were dark, villainous-looking men, and murder was plainly stamped upon their faces. They entered the dwelling, but they found not their prey. They stormed and swore, but to no purpose, and when they were convinced that the gun-maker was not there they went away.

An hour later still, and another party drove up to the same cot. It consisted of two men in a double sledge, one of whom was Valdimir the monk. The fat, mystic man entered the cot, and there he remained for some time. When he came out the widow and Paul accompanied him; and they all got into the sledge and drove off together.

What did it mean?

* * * * * * *

It was past noon. The proud Duke was once more alone in his private room, and he was pacing uneasily to and fro. There was a cloud upon his brow, and trouble in his soul. His lips were firmly set, and his hands clenched. Ever and anon he muttered to himself, and when he did so his hands would work nervously and emphatically. He looked often at his watch, and often he stopped near the door and hearkened.

At length came that well-known shuffling, uncertain, cat-like tread. He threw open his door, and the dark priest glided in.

"Ha, Savotano, I've waited for you," the Duke uttered, sinking into a chair, for his nervous walking had made him weary. "Now tell me the work is done. O, for God's sake, don't tell me again of failure!"

"Alas, my lord—"

"Hold, Savotano! By the host of hosts, you are not going to tell me of failure!"

"Not really a failure, my lord," the priest returned, nervously. "But our men did not find the gun-maker at home. He had gone when we got there, and no one knew where."

"No one knew? Did not his mother know?"

"No. She said he did not tell her where he was going. He only left word that he was going on business, and should not return till evening."

"By heavens! I think he has fled."

"No, my lord. I do not think so. I think he must have had business."

"But what time were you there?"

"Shortly after sunrise."

"And he gone then?"

"Aye—he had been gone an hour."

"It looks suspicious. But the men must be there this evening. He shall not escape me now."

"There is no fear of that, my lord. I will see that he is *apprehended* as soon as he returns."

"Right, Savotano—right! And now to the other matter. I am to be married this afternoon!"

"Ah—so soon?"

"Yes—I waste no more time. What is the use?"

"None, my lord—none at all."

"Then you must remain, for the ceremony shall be performed as soon as possible."

"And does the Countess know of your determination?"

"Yes. She knew it ere she retired last night. I told her she should not escape again till she could carry my name with her. By the mass, sir, she sealed her own doom! Ha, ha, ha,—the Duke of Tula will have his coffers filled again. Money must come somehow, and how else so easily as this?"

"Sure enough," returned the priest, with that old coarse, wicked smile. "Sure enough, my lord—how?"

"In no way. Ho, I'll put the seal upon that budget, and stamp it—*mine!* So here you remain until I am married. To-day—until that ceremony is performed, I am not sure; but to-morrow they cannot harm me. Oh—she shall be mine then! She shall be mine, Savotano. To-day she is my wife—to-night she shares my bed—and to-morrow all heaven and earth and hell combined cannot undo the work. I have waited long enough. I have worked and schemed, and have puzzled my brain to one great purpose; and yet each step I had marked out has failed me. Damonoff lives—the gun-maker lives—the Black Monk lives—But *I, too*, live! Ha—*I live*, Savotano; and now the work shall be done as it might have been done at first had I been so disposed!"

The Duke had arisen to his feet while speaking thus, and his manner had been frantic and excited. As he ceased speaking he sank back into his chair and gazed the priest in the face. He was all iron now. Every nerve and muscle was set, and a fierce determination was in his soul.

* * * * * * *

There is one more scene in the ducal palace and it goes on at the very time while the Duke and his tool are together.

Valdimir the monk was in the chamber of the Countess, and the fair occupant and her maid were there with him.

"And you are sure he means to make you his wife to-day?" said the monk, in continuation of a conversation which had been going on for some moments—"that he will have the ceremony performed whether you consent or not?"

"Yes, sir," the Countess murmured. She gazed into the strange man's face a few moments after she had spoken, and then, starting quickly up, she threw herself upon her knees before him.

"Oh!" she cried, with her clasped hands raised towards him, "can you not help me in this bitter moment? Do not say no. Oh, I know you have some strange power—and you may 'elp me. You cannot know the misery I suffer. Oh! earth has no pangs more cruel! In all the long catalogue of woes there is nothing more bitter. Sir—" and the maiden raised both hands toward heaven as she thus continued—"sooner than be that man's wife I would with my own hand let my life-blood out were not the act a sin against my God! But you may help me."

"Alas, lady, I cannot assure you now."

"Oh—say not so. You can help me flee from here—you can find me some hiding-place—some place where my days can be spent in safety from this great evil."

"But how can I help you away, lady?"

"Because you know some secret entrance to the palace. You know some secret passage, else you would not be here now."

"True," the monk replied, in a perplexed tone, "I do know such a way, for by that way I came, and by that way shall I return; but I cannot convey you away thus. I am sorry that—"

The monk stopped here, for at that moment a heavy footfall sounded without. He had started up from his seat when the door opened, and the stout Duke entered. The Countess uttered one low, quick cry, and sank down. She would have sank to the floor had not Zenobie caught her and bore her to the couch.

The monk stood erect, with his arms folded across his breast, but his right hand was hidden within the bosom of his robe. The Duke started back like one thunderstruck, and it was some moments ere he could gain the power of speech. He turned first as pale as death, and then the blood mounted hotly, fiercely to his brow.

"By the living God!" he gasped, in a hissing, frantic tone, "how came ye here?"

"To learn of your wickedness, Duke of Tula," calmly responded Valdimir.

"Ha! do you beard me in my very palace, dog! But you have ventured here once too often. As sure as there is life in me you go not hence alive!"

"Hold, Olga!" spoke the monk,—and so strange and powerful was the tone that though the Duke had turned towards the door, yet he stopped. "This lady tells me you mean to make her your wife. Is it so?"

"Out, accursed monk! Who gave thee right to question me?"

"By my soul, proud Duke, you shall know that anon. But listen: If you force this lady to that thing you do it at your peril! You had better seek the fabled potion of the gods, and drink and be a dog, than do that thing!"

"Hold, a moment, monk!" cried the Duke, now nearly blind with passion. "You go not hence alive!—What ho, there! Without, I say!—Zenobie, pull that bell-cord—quick!—Back, monk—you pass not here alive!—What ho! Without there!"

"Beware, Olga!" spoke the monk, as calmly as before, at the same time drawing a heavy pistol from his bosom and cocking it. "I would shoot you as I would a dog! Offer me one motion of impediment to my passage, and you die on the instant!"

Instinctively the Duke moved on one side. There was something in the look and tone of the strange man that he dared not cope with then. The monk passed out, but as soon as he was gone the Duke sprang to the bell-cord and pulled it till he broke it. In a few moments more the servants came rushing in.

"Out, dogs!" the mad man shouted, "and stop that monk from leaving the palace. Kill him on the spot where you find him if he dares to offer the least resistance! Kill him—you have my orders, and I am alone responsible!"

Thus speaking the Duke rushed from the apartment to start up more of his household. First to the gate of the court he went, but the monk was not there, nor had he been there. Then he rushed to the postern, but that was locked, and the snow was untrodden before it. He returned to the hall, and one by one the servants came back from the search.

No monk could be found!

At first Olga was tempted to believe that his servants deceived him; but he quickly set that thought aside, for he could see by their countenances that they were as much astonished as he. The search was renewed, but the strange man was not to be found! There was some wonder, and—some uneasiness.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

BEAUTIFUL TREES FOR ORNAMENT.

Ornamental trees, to succeed well, should be carefully planted. For a small tree, a hole three or four feet in diameter and eighteen inches deep should first be dug, and then filled in with good surface soil; the tree should then be carefully planted. Of first class deciduous trees, none give so general satisfaction as the maples. The fresh, rich foliage of the Norway maple makes it beautiful for lawns and yards; the sycamore maple, for its hardihood, and fine form and foliage, is very valuable. The magnolias are all fine trees, and nothing can surpass the M. Soulangiana in its mass of flowers early in the spring. The weeping willow is indispensable for certain locations. The lindens are scarcely surpassed for symmetry of shape and general beauty. The tulip tree, or whitewood, is a stately, beautiful, and rapid growing tree; its clean, straight trunk finely supporting its glossy leaves and tulip-shaped flowers. The white fringe, the purple fringe, the larburnum, the halesia and kalreutaria, with some of the magnolias, are second class in size, bearing abundant flowers, and should be in every collection.

ROSA!

A CHIME FROM THE BELFRY OF THE BRAIN.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

"I thought how like these chimes
Are the poet's airy rhymes,
All his rhymes and roundelays,
His concerts, and songs, and ditties,
From the belfry of his brain."
BELFRY OF BRUGES.

I.

Rosa's eyes have arrows keen,
And Rosa knows their power well;
Fatal weapons they, I ween,
To those that feel their charmed spell.
Who shall tell how many darts
Have been shot from Rosa's eyes?
Who shall tell how many hearts
Victims are to Rosa's eyes?
Ah! the number may not be
Told in full by her or me.

II.

Rosa's step is full of grace
And light, and bounding as the fawn;
Beauty sits upon her face
As glory on the brow of morn.
Rosa's cheeks are like the rose,
Pure, and radiant, and fair,
Nestling in its sweet repose
In her soft and silken hair;
And no pearl-starred crown could be
Fairer than that rose to me.

III.

Rosa's lips—ah, well-a-day!
'Tis here I lack the power to tell
What I'd have those lips to say,
Had I some famed enchanter's spell.
But I know those very lips
Well might tempt the roving bee,
From the honeyed draught it sips
To one more sweet, but not so free.
Rosa guards the nectar well,
As one (here nameless quite) could tell.

IV.

Rosa's life has been thus far
Much like a queen's triumphal march;
Or more like some brilliant star
Set in Time's clear, celestial arch.
As I look, I seem to see
Fair Aurora, queen of morn,—
But too radiant for me,
To a lower station born;
I, I only stand apart
With my beating, bleeding heart.

HARLEM, N. Y., May, 1856.

CALUMNY;

OR,

TIME AND CHANGE.

BY MRS. MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"There surely is some guiding power
Which rightly suffers wrong,
Gives vice to bloom its little hour,
But virtue, late and long."

In a long, wide, lofty room with many high and narrow windows, through which the blinding, scorching rays of the midsummer sun poured unimpeded, and where the buzz and roar of machinery sounded, with but a short half hour's cessation, all the day, a great number of girls were busily employed. The hot air was filled with almost invisible floating particles of cotton, and the wearied workers found no refreshment from its inhalation, but still the work went on.

On rolled the rapid stream, round whirled the mighty wheels, and still clanked the vast, intricate machinery—a tyrannous and remorseless task-master to its panting human slaves. There was scarce time for rest or pause, but more than once the eyes of those tired girls glanced out of the open windows with a feverish longing for the fresh breezes of heaven, and the cooling shade, and the soft murmur of the river, but the tyrant clanked and roared, and the busy fingers were forced to do his will.

Beside the windows which looked upon the river stood several looms, all tended by one young girl. As she passed from one to another, stopping here to fasten a broken thread, and there to adjust a shuttle, guiding the wonder-working machinery in its task, and lending all it needed—intellect and knowledge, she glanced frequently and wistfully at the fair scene before her. The broad river rolling on in majesty, the green cultivated shore beyond, with here and there a pretty farm-house with its cluster of barns, and, beyond the first graceful curve of the stream, the white spire of the village church as it stood at the head of the elm-embowered street.

Nearer the mill and on the same side of the river, just upon the point of land round which it curved, and beneath a group of ancient trees which threw their long shadows far beyond it upon the emerald turf, a small, unpainted house stood all alone. A little garden, gay with flaunting flowers, was in front, and beyond the bank of vivid green sloped down to the water's edge, and there two or three sleek cows stood, with the waves rushing against their sides, in the cool shade of those giant trees. Outside the cottage door a woman sat busily engaged in sewing, and two little girls by her side, while a boy of some twelve years was digging in the garden beds.

It was a beautiful scene, but not for that alone did the young girl's eyes turn so often in that direction. That cottage was her home, and there dwelt the mother, the brother, and the little sisters, for whom her weary days of toil were willingly undertaken and heroically endured.

The martyrdom of this uncongenial toil, though rendered less painful by the sacred motives which had led to it, still called forth a sigh from Camilla Woodcourt's lips, more than once on that long afternoon, and she sighed again as she watched the unremitting constancy with which her mother plied the needle, scarce lifting her head to gaze upon the beautiful scene before her.

True, it was familiar to her eyes; for the Woodcourts had lived many years in the best mansion in the village. Thither Camilla's father had brought his bride when he was the richest man in all the country round, and she the orphan heiress of great wealth. Now the mill-owner, Mr. Allen, lived in that beautiful mansion, Charles Woodcourt was in his grave, and his widow, in her poverty, had gladly sought the shelter of the tiny cottage. In the days of her prosperity she had built it for her ancient nurse, on whose death it had reverted to her.

To trace the downward course of such a man as Charles Woodcourt is always painful. It is enough that he had never applied himself to business, but had lived thoughtlessly and recklessly. Idleness had strengthened habits of dissipation, and he had become a gambler and a drunkard. Wealth soon melts away in the hands of such a man, and some rash speculations only precipitated his downfall. He died and was laid in a drunkard's grave, and then Paul Allen, for years his business agent, was found to own his mansion and his lands. There were whispers of foul play and hints of fraud, which none were bold enough to substantiate, and so the widow went forth sadly and alone with her little ones, and Paul Allen dwelt in their father's halls.

They were very, very poor, and so when Paul Allen had built the huge cotton mill, Camilla Woodcourt had become one of his operatives, while her mother eked out her earnings by incessant toil at her needle.

Camilla was very young when her father died, and her education, owing to early ill-health, had been sadly neglected. But there was an air of refinement, which distinguished her from the rustic maidens, who were her fellow-workers, even more than her beauty. There were many bright eyes, and glowing cheeks, and red lips parting to display their pearly treasures, among her companions, but the nameless grace which arises from refinement of thought and habit rendered her conspicuous among them all.

So thought two young men sauntering through the mill that summer afternoon. Camilla did not see them, but both had paused to gaze at her, as she flitted about, and they watched her with very different expressions.

One of these was the son of Paul Allen. He had known Camilla all her life, and the time had been when the idea that he might ever hope to approach her as an equal would have given his parents a wild delight. But now the tables were turned. Paul Allen had won in the game of life—the Woodcourts had lost, and Paul the younger now dared, in the meanness of his dastard heart, to hiss words of insult into the ear of the fair girl whose fallen fortunes made her a mark for his foul designs.

He annoyed her at the mill, he waylaid and persecuted her with his loathsome attentions in her daily walks, he followed her even into the sanctuary of her humble home. At first he had come with specious pretences of interest and sympathy, but the cloak was too loosely worn to long conceal the hideousness it was meant to veil. They had learned to know and dread him, and yet from his persecutions there seemed no escape. To appeal to his father, whose favorite he was, would be to deprive Camilla of her employment; and that employment was necessary to clothe and feed the dependent ones at home. Thus matters stood when Paul and his college class-mate, Herbert Elliott, strolled through the factory on that sultry afternoon.

Both these young men would have been called handsome by a careless observer, yet perhaps, among all their acquaintances, scarcely two could have been found more unlike in feature and expression.

Herbert's features were chiseled with the delicacy of sculpture. His head sat proudly upon his shoulders, and his long brown hair waved lightly over a broad, high brow, while in his deep blue eyes there was a rare and peculiar sweetness of expression.

Paul Allen's eyes were dark and flashing, his skin almost swarthy in its depth of color, his hair black as ebony, while a sensual smile curled his full red lip as his glance fell upon the beautiful girl whom he had marked for his prey.

Herbert Elliott caught the glance, and his own wandered in the same direction, but it was with a deep growing look of pity that he gazed. He had at once detected the air of refinement and delicacy, which distinguished Camilla, and there needed no words to speak the designs of his companion.

It is said that "pity is akin to love." I know not if Herbert Elliott loved Camilla then, but there sprung up, at that moment, an instantaneous but strong resolve to shield and save her from the fate to which the man who called himself his friend would have condemned her. He longed to protect her, and the image of his own sister, as young and beautiful as Camilla, rose up before him as if to strengthen his resolve by the thought of such a fate for her so loved and tenderly guarded.

There is a magnetic influence in a fixed gaze which rarely fails to make itself felt by the object. At this instant Camilla turned and met the eyes which sought her own, and took in at one glance all they spoke of the souls which shone through them. A vivid blush burned over her cheek and brow, and her eyes fell beneath those glances, as she turned again to her work. Both bowed and passed on. No one was allowed to speak to the operatives while employed.

There was a flashing of bright eyes, and not a few coquettish movements and glances among the girls as the two young men passed among them, but presently they were gone and the toil seemed wearier for the interruption.

That evening Camilla's homeward steps were followed, and as she reached her gate Paul Allen bent forward to open it for her. He spoke a few words, impertinent in tone more than in meaning, but Camilla turned silently away.

Paul frowned and muttered an indistinct sentence which sounded like an imprecation.

"Camilla," said he, "I shall bring my friend Herbert Elliott to see you this evening. I told him who you were, and he trumped up some story of an old friendship between his father and yours as a pretext for visiting you. But," and here he swore a fierce oath, "give him one of your smiles, or more than an ordinary word of civility and you will rue it till your dying day. You shall be mine, girl—do you hear me? and no other man shall have so much as a glance of your eye save at his peril."

Camilla was still silent, though she leaned tremblingly against the gate post! He gave her one imperious, passionate and searching glance, and then with a fierce gesture he turned away.

That evening they came. Camilla had not dared to tell her mother of Paul's threats, or she, gentle as she was, would not have received them.

Herbert was as courteous to the widow and her orphans in their fallen fortunes as if they still dwelt in the old family mansion. He never noticed the rough bare walls, or the plain and homely furniture. And while he talked with Mrs. Woodcourt of his parents and many of her old friends—summer friends who had long forsaken her, his eye followed the light movements of Camilla, and watched the flitting blush upon her fair cheek as she bent in silence over her needle. But his brow burned with indgnation as he saw the expression of Paul's face, as he lowered from the darkened corner where he, too, sat in silence.

There were high words between the young men as they walked homeward that night, and Paul dared, dastardly, to speak lightly of Camilla Woodcourt. The two parted in anger, for nothing could convince Herbert that Camilla was not pure, as she looked, and he had noted the aversion and horror with which she shrank from the man who now dared to defame her.

Herbert went to his pillow that night with a determination, strong within him, that Camilla should be his wife, if he could win her. He thought only of her loveliness, the exquisite purity which shone from her calm, clear eyes, and fair brow, and the grace and refinement of every movement of her beautiful form. And with that fair vision dancing before his eyes he sank to slumber.

That sad disenchanter—daylight—brought other thoughts. He remembered the pride of his father, and how he would more than once have urged his only son to seek a wealthy bride. And he lay a long time wondering if it could be possible, that his mother and his sisters could be brought to receive the "factory girl," as his wife should be received in his father's house.

But he shook off the perplexing thought at length with a light laugh.

"The bride is yet to be won," he said; "perhaps she loves some one else. Perhaps she will not love me."

Then he glanced at the mirror, and a very handsome young man whom he saw there glanced back at him with a little smile of assurance that said, I am afraid rather wickedly, "just try, try. Do you think such a face and figure will fail with this little rustic?"

Herbert did try. Every evening of his stay found him at the little brown cottage at the river-side. And Camilla learned to love him, to listen for his footsteps, to blush at the distant sound of his voice, to tremble when her little hand lay for an instant in his. At length he asked her to become his wife, and she with deep, trusting joy consented. But the mother was more worldly-wise. Mrs. Woodcourt, with something of her ancient pride, said that her daughter should not go an unwelcome bride to any family. If Herbert's father and mother consented to receive her as a daughter, she would not refuse. Otherwise, she wished Mr. Elliott to withdraw his suit and leave them to their peaceful poverty.

Meanwhile Paul Allen had not been idle. He had dogged Camilla's footsteps and poured, along with the words of his impotent passion, the wildest and fiercest threats into her ear. He had also threatened Mrs. Woodcourt with nameless injuries if she did not withdraw Camilla from the society of Herbert.

At length the threats began to be fulfilled. Vague rumors against Camilla's purity spread along the village streets and among the operatives at the mill. The poor girl was shunned, or looked upon with scorn or contempt that simulated pity.

Matters grew worse after Herbert's departure. Rumor assumed a more tangible form, and its voice was louder. And thus it was, that when Mr. Elliott, won from his stern pride by his son's entreaties, would have given his consent to the marriage, and waited only to learn whether Camilla's poverty were unstained by one unmaidenly act, a cowardly letter came from Paul Allen filled with all these vague slanders cunningly classified and arranged until they assumed a fearful weight

Then there came a scornful letter from the old man, and a sad incoherent one from the younger, and Camilla learned that she was deemed unworthy to be Herbert's bride; not because of her poverty, but because of the imputation of a wrong of which she was wholly guiltless.

Herbert came once to see her. Slander wagged its tongue so loudly that even he was forced to listen, but he would not believe. Loyal and true, he felt it was but a question of time, and as they could not marry then, it was better that they should part and by their intercourse give no room for still more injurious surmises.

And so they separated. Camilla, strong in the consciousness of a blameless life, and in her trust and faith in Herbert; and he to watch over her from a distance with the tenderest devotion.

Camilla had long since lost her situation in the factory. But they were poor, and work was a necessity. So the little brown cottage was deserted, and in a distant State the Woodcourt's sought a new home, new employments, and new associations.

They would accept nothing from Herbert, preferring independent poverty. Here the mother and daughter opened a school. No great amount of learning was needed to teach those who came to them, and they prospered very well. And here they dwelt several years, and gradually they accumulated a little competence, the fruit of their unwearied industry.

Meanwhile there were many changes in their old home. Paul Allen the younger, after pursuing his victims, with his mean vengeance until they were gone beyond his reach, turned to dissipation. Gradually he sank lower and lower, and at last, in a drunken brawl with one of his associates, and the brother of a new victim, was desperately wounded. After a few days he died of his wounds, but not before he had done many an act of justice; among the rest had cleared the name of Camilla Woodcourt of the shadow which rested upon it.

The elder Allen's hopes had rested in his son. His death seemed to have robbed him of the sole motive for exertion. He neglected his business just at the period of a great commercial crisis. Loss followed loss, and the fair fabric of his fortune was prostrated in ruins. His estate fell into the hands of his creditors, and then the long forgotten rumors of his frauds upon the Woodcourt property received confirmation, and it was found that there was much in his hands which justly belonged to the widow and her children.

Allen's creditors were honorable men and they diligently sought Mrs. Woodcourt and her family, that they might restore to them that of which they had been defrauded.

Mrs. Woodcourt returned once more to live in the old family mansion which was found to have been, all along, rightfully hers. Camilla's name was cleared of every imputation, and now those who had been loudest in her condemnation gladly sought her society. But it was not easy to forget the persecutions of her poverty, and, though she treated all with courtesy, they were made to feel that she could never in her prosperity look upon those as friends, who had causelessly wronged her in her day of trial.

Mr. Elliott was now glad to claim her as his daughter, and joyously those long separated lovers were re-united. There was a wedding in the old mansion and Camilla Woodcourt became the bride of Herbert Elliott.

Henceforth their days passed happily. There was a firm and loving trust in each other and in God, ever abiding in their hearts, that withstood every shock. No evil could harm them, because of it, and it heightened every joy.

Often Camilla visits with her children the old cottage beside the river, and there, upon that velvet turf and beneath the shade of those towering elms, she tells them the story of her youth, and impresses upon their hearts, with all a mother's loving earnestness, the lessons which it taught.

The shadows of her early life passed before its noontide was reached, and its declining hours are brightened by hope and happiness.

The arrows of calumny may sting, but when their force is spent, the victim walks unharmed. He who is in the right, and has fortitude and wisdom to wait, will surely find his innocence at last asserted. Well is it if he can bear the present trial, and grow strong under the infliction, for so the noblest characters are perfected. Especially is this true of woman, who has less power of self-assertion, and is far more dependent upon the changes which Time must bring.

SPANISH PROVERBS.

He that has no bread, must not keep a dog.

It is better to go around the stream than drown in crossing.

The best work a mother can do is to take care of her children.

Nothing great can be effected without trouble and labor.

The happiness of a wife, and the cultivation of a vine, depend on the care of a man.

What we learn in our infancy remains forever.

A regular diet cures more people than physic.

Patience, application, and courage, overcome all difficulties.

Water drinkers are never drunk, nor run in debt.

There is no better looking-glass than an old friend.

People who take out, and do not put in, soon find the bottom.

The best catch at dice is not to play.

Children tell in the streets what they hear in the house.

The devil lives in a covetous man's chest.

It is sound policy to suffer all extremities rather than do a base action.

Many drops make a shower; light gains make a heavy purse.

Do not sign a writing which you have not read.

Never drink any water which you have not seen.

He that sells and lies shall find the lie left in his purse.

Old reckonings make new quarrels.

Everybody must live by his own labor.

It is better to be alone than in bad company.

We must take pains if we expect to gain anything.

He who has a wolf for his companion, must carry a dog under his cloak.

ETIQUETTE.—A gentleman addressing a young unmarried lady with whose name he is unacquainted, should say, Madame. If he knows her name he should use it with the prefix Miss, which otherwise is never used in polite society.

THE BACHELOR AT HOME.

BY NATHALIE CARL.

There! Thank the Fates! I'm "monarch of all I survey," and I can get out of this infernal Opera rig as soon as I please. There goes my coat sleeve, ripped half out of the arm-hole! *Darn* the coat! Do you call that swearing, hey?

No mortal tongue or pen can tell what I've suffered this evening with these corns of mine? I wish with all my heart Mrs. Fitz Spitz and her three daughters were in the bottom of the Red Sea! By way of punishment for my sins they drag me round to balls, and parties, and theaters—and to-night, just when I was going into slippers and dressing-gown to have a good time over Harper, that miserable little page of theirs, all broken out with buttons and gold lace, comes up to say, "The ladies' compliments, and they would be very happy to have their cousin accompany them to the Opera, if he pleased!" Of course I had to "please" whether I wanted to or not—and now how like thunder my corns ache to pay for it.

There goes my boot strap, and my last suspender button—"good riddance"—for I *won't* get mad! But to be cousin to four women, three of whom are red haired, while the other squints—by Jupiter I won't stand it! Look at my feet, will you? Can you tell me whether they look like feet or mustard poultices? Mrs. Fitz Spitz may go to grass! Before I'll make a martyr of myself in this way for any woman, as homely as she is, I'll dig up potato sprouts and plant them again for a living! I'll forsake my country—I'll sell my dog and horse and take lodgings in a swamp—I'll say I'm blind and lame and deaf and can't stir—I'll have the cholera and the hydrophobia—I'll—there—I feel easier now!

Now, for "Harper." But first let me bathe my face—"heated brow" a newspaper writer would say—for Mrs. Fitz Spitz has put me all in a blaze. Confound that chamber-maid! Not a drop of water in pitcher or tumbler, and I might ring myself deaf, and call till I was black in the face, and nobody would mind it. That's the way with us bachelors. Landladies know we are the best natured fellows in the world, and so they give us the worst seat at the table, and the most uncomfortable room in the house, while we pay the highest price—and the servants pocket our quarters and say, "Oh fie!" when we kiss them in the entry—but just catch them waiting on us as they ought to—that's all!

I'm sick of boarding. They have too many improvements in their cookery to suit a particular man like me. I prefer one dish at a time, but when I find the edges of my dyspepsia biscuit fringed with a wooly substance like a palmleaf shawl, what am I to do? Because the cook sees fit to bake up her old flannel, am I to ruin my digestion by eating it? And, again—I was always, from my youth up, as the saying is, very partial to custard pudding. Of late, I find it highly flavored with oils, and discovered a bit of greasy lamp-wick on the edge of my plate, to day, after I had been helped the second time. Interesting discovery that! Perhaps lamp-wicks are healthy—they may be, but if our landlady wishes us to eat them, by way of preventing waste of any kind, why can't she have them on glass dishes beside our plates, and leave us to mix them as we choose? Does the woman fancy we shall help ourselves too liberally in case she adopts this mode? Upon my word, it wouldn't surprise me if this was the reason—judging from some of the graceful little habits she has!

Yes—I'm sick of boarding—and if I hadn't been a fool, I might have had a home of my own, long ago. Dear Mary! I looked over in her box at the Opera, to-night, and saw her looking ten times lovelier than ever, in her widow's weeds. Heigho! I wonder if she has entirely forgotten old times yet! She blushes whenever we meet, and when I took her little hand to lead her to a seat at her party, the other night, she trembled and turned so pale, I thought upon my soul she was going to faint.

I wonder if Mary would marry me now. By Jupiter I'll write to-morrow morning and ask her—for I never shall know till I have tried. Judging from the looks of my writing desk, the chamber-maid has used the inkstand for a dust-pan, and the pens to pick her teeth with. Won't she catch it, if she plays those tricks on me when I'm a married man.

"Fly swifter round ye wheels of time—
And bring the welcome day."

No more back attics or sky parlors for me then, at the rate of ten and twelve dollars per week—no more cold coffee or burned toast—no flannel biscuit or lamp-wick pudding, for Mary will be at the helm, and I shall be treated with all the respect and consideration I deserve, but never knew how to command. I can go to the Opera with a crush hat and easy boots, and my pretty wife, before the envious eyes of all my male friends, in the place of knocking the skin off my knuckles against my cousins' long shoulders, while trying to perform the same service for them. Mrs. Fitz Spitz you may "vegetate," for you have had your day! Mary and matrimony both begin with "M." Hurrah for both!

(Old bachelor, growing enthusiastic, comes too near the fluid lamp—sets the tassel of his night cap on fire, and the curtain falls, while he is yet in a light blaze.)

ENVY.—The boy upon foot cannot bear to see the boy who is riding. And so it is with envy of a larger growth. We are always crying out "whip behind!" in the miserable hope of seeing some hanger-on more fortunate than ourselves, knocked off his perch.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by R. BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE TWO BABES.

Cannon thundering—bells pealing—flags waving; illuminations—military parades;—peasants, nobles and princes—all crowding to that big house! What the mischief is all this fuss about? Some great victory perhaps. No; as sure as your name is Johnny, it is all about an hour-old baby; but for all that, you had better not speak of him, without taking your hat off; that baby is of some consequence, I can tell you, for all he lies there, wheezing and sneezing, winking and blinking, like an astonished little pup.

Long before he came to town, there were more baby clothes made up for him than he could wear, should he stay a baby twenty years; and all loaded with lace and embroidery, and finified with silk and satin; and the people left their workshops, and ran to see them, as if they had not another minute to live. Then there were half a dozen rooms, all prepared for his expected little cry-baby-ship; for you had better not believe that he was going to stay in *one* room, like any common baby; not he!—Then all the grey-haired old men, and beautiful women, bent over his magnificent cradle, and declared him to be the most splendid baby that ever was born; and it was as much as his nurse's life was worth to stick a pin into him, or wash his little flabby nose the wrong way, or tie his frock a tenth of an inch too tight or too loose, or nurse him a minute too long or too short, or allow an impertinent sunbeam to make him sneeze, when he didn't want to. Oh he was a great baby that! Even his playthings were gold crosses, and ribbons, that kings have been known to cut each other's heads off, scrambling which should wear. Step softly—bend low before his cradle; royal blood flushes that little face. He is the *King of Algiers.*

Peep with me into yonder stable; the door is a-jar; there is nothing there to frighten you. The light glances through a chink in the roof upon the meek, submissive cattle, who with bowed heads, drowsily dose the listless hours away. Is there nothing else in the stable? Look again.——Yes, there, in yonder corner, sits a fair young mother. Her coarse mantle is wrapt around her shrinking form, and her small head is drooping, partly with weariness, partly with tender solicitude for the new-born babe upon her lap. No rich wardrobe awaits the little stranger; clothed only in his own sweet loveliness, he slumbers the quiet hours away.—But see! above that stable glows a star, brighter than ever glittered on the breast of earthly Prince or King; and above that star is a City, "which hath no need of the sun, nor of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof;" and that is the Heavenly Home of the lowly "Babe of Bethlehem."

FANNY FERN.

A PERSONAL MATTER SET RIGHT.——Certain publishers seem anxious to have it supposed that FANNY FERN contributes to their journals, notwithstanding the extensive publicity given to the fact that she writes exclusively for the LEDGER. And inasmuch as editors, who are considered respectable, have meanly intimated, without the least shadow of authority or truth, that she contributes to other columns besides our own, we will here repeat, in emphatic terms, that FANNY FERN writes *exclusively* for the NEW YORK LEDGER, and that she does not, and will not, write a line for any other paper, periodical, magazine, or publication whatsoever, in this or any other country, while our arrangement continues.

ASTREA CARLISLE.

A NEW TALE.

We commence this week, a new and charming Novellette, by MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON, who, as our readers are aware, has written some of our very best short Stories. It cannot fail to add to her reputation, while it will entertain and please every reader. The perusal, we think, of the first chapters, will be enough to convince all of the correctness of our opinion in the matter.

"DICK TARLETON."—Garrett & Co. have got out a cheap edition of this popular Story, by the great English novelist, J. F. Smith, Esq. It is sold at the low price of 25 cents. Send that amount to Garrett & Co., No. 18 Ann street, New York, and you will get it by return mail, free of postage, or inquire for it at any book store.

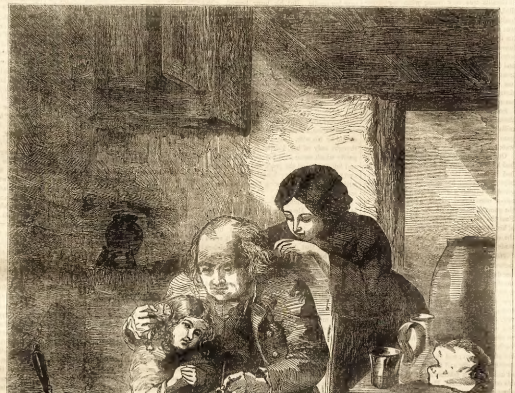
SHIFTING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

A corporate body has no conscience. It is a mere money-making machine, which has no sense of right and wrong, no idea of a moral law, no remorse for crime, and is very seldom treated as an individual would be under similar circumstances. The man who murders his fellow-man is hung; the army which sweeps off at a single discharge, thousands, may be censured, reprimanded, discharged, but is never put to death. The single murderer is executed; but who ever thought of dooming a whole company to death? The merchant who would send to sea a steamboat heavily laden with passengers, yet in a condition "entirely unfit for their transportation; inadequately manned; her boiler worn-out, leaky and defective; without boats, life-preservers, floats, spare plank, buckets on deck, or any other means of escape in case of fire, collision, explosion, or any other emergency," could not defend himself against a charge of wilful murder, and it would be almost impossible for him to escape the merited punishment of death. But when a company is placed in the same situation, when it commits the crime for which an individual would be doomed to the gallows, nobody is personally responsible, no one feels the weight of murder on his conscience, no neck is in danger of a halter.

The company is a complex and beautiful piece of machinery, like a printing-press, or a steam-engine; it moves in its appointed course to gain its object,—money, regardless of the human flesh and bones which it may crush and mangle. The public treat it as a thing, not a person, as a machine, not a responsible agent; and far be it from us to find fault with any public opinion or mode of action which tends to diminish the frequency of capital punishment.

In accordance, then, with public opinion, let us suppose "The Camden and Philadelphia Steamboat Ferry Company" to be a money-making machine;—let us suppose it to be set in motion by that other irresponsible machine, the Legislature of New Jersey;—let us suppose the president and eight directors and superintendent of this Company set up by the act of this Legislature to be mere passive agents, having as a corporate body, no memory, no judgment, no conscience, having learned nothing from all the terrible disasters of the past, and feeling no pang of remorse for the thirty-two persons drowned or burned to death through the working of that money-making machinery of which they form the moving and directing force. Nobody, from the Governor of New Jersey down to the Inspector of Steamboats, from the President of the Company down to the Superintendent, is personally responsible; no one's head is in danger; nobody's conscience is stirred or troubled for the untimely fate of the thirty-two persons murdered by the burning of the ferry-boat on the Delaware. The burden of guilt is shifted about from one to another, and no one feels its weight. The Company is not like the merchant already mentioned; their ferry-boat is not to be regarded in the same light as his steamboat which, however, we have described in language quoted from the verdict of the jury empaneled to investigate the circumstances connected with the burning of the "New Jersey." The ferry-boat belonged to a company, and nobody thinks of charging a respectable and wealthy company with wilful murder. What judge would condemn a whole company to death? The machinery they employed was out of order—nothing more.

These observations are not unnecessary—not too late. Justice is often so slow in its movements that the public forgets the criminals before punishment overtakes them. The LEDGER some time ago gave the best picture of the awful calamity on the Delaware. Again it brings the subject before its readers, and unites with the jury in condemning "The Camden and Philadelphia Steamboat Ferry Company" as a rotten piece of machinery, no better than their "worn-out, leaky, and defective" ferry-boat.



GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

(*See Engraving above.*)

Grandfather's watch is battered and old,
Innocent quite of jewels or gold;
Poor, and common, and worn, and crack'd—
Much like Grandfather's self, in fact.
Yet its wheezy voice has a cheerful sound,
And the child, as she listens, in wonder bound,
To its mystic tales of departed time,
Is smiling as though at a pleasant rhyme.

What are the tales the old watch tells?
Of seventy years it counts the knells:
Years, whose every setting sun
Was mark'd by labor faithfully done.
With primitive form and clumsy skill,
And clumsier help when the works went ill;
Yet serving their time as best they can—
This is the story of the watch and man!

Many a fall has the old watch hush'd,
Many a blow has the old man crush'd.
Meddled with, tinker'd, and sorely tried,
At last rejected and thrown aside
For modern rivals, all science and gold,
Useless, crippled, despised, and old,
Under a cloud and under a ban—
This is the story of the watch and man!

But there's a reverse to the picture sad;
Human hearts they can still make glad.
The watch in its dinted silver case
Can bring a smile to the fair child's face.
The man all batter'd, and silvery too,
With a moral can cheer both me and you—
"Mark our time as well as we can!"—
This is the lesson of watch and man!

THE LATE OGDEN HOFFMAN.

"Death loves a shining mark."

The decease of the late Attorney General of this State has created a deep sensation not only among his professional brethren but throughout the community. Of the many able and eloquent speeches that were delivered in the various Courts, none struck us as more appropriate and affecting than that of the Hon. A. A. Phillips, late Judge of the Marine Court, from whose remarks we make the following extract:

"If the Court pleases, I feel a melancholy satisfaction in seconding the motion of my esteemed and learned friend, (Hon. F. A. Talmadge.) Sir, never until this moment have I truly felt the power of the expression 'when the heart is full the tongue falters.' Eulogy upon the character and worth of Ogden Hoffman cannot be adequately pronounced by uninspired lips. He was the exemplification of all that was worthy, great and noble in humanity.

"At an early age he entered the United States Navy, where he served with honor; proclaiming not with 'lip-service,' but by deeds of noble daring, his love of our common country. After peace was declared, he found a life of inactivity unsuited to his mind and tastes, and sought distinction in the more peaceful but not less glorious arena of the Bar. Here the powers of his rich and fruitful mind found ample scope. His glorious achievements as an advocate are matters of history; his name and fame are identified not only with the glory of the profession, but with that of our State. His kindness and urbanity, particularly to his junior brethren, are too vividly impressed upon the minds and hearts of all who hear me to be easily effaced.

"Well do I remember Sir, one of my earliest, if not my first effort, at the Bar in this city, in a cause tried before my learned and esteemed friend who has just so eloquently addressed the Court, when Mr. Hoffman with his kindly manner took a seat beside me, and by his smile and friendly counsel encouraged and sustained me in the effort which he saw I was so tremulously and falteringly making.

"Ogden Hoffman made no foes. Fierce as were the contests in which he was engaged, no rankling words were left upon his adversaries—irresistible as was his onset, he possessed the rare power of causing the person upon whom his falchion fell, to 'bless the hand that smote him.' The genial impulses of his heart shed light and happiness wherever his benevolent face was seen. His, was the oratory which carried the heart captive, as well as the understanding. I think now I hear the rich melody of his voice resounding through the crowded hall, and see the delighted gaze which was ever fixed upon him by those who sat entranced by the glowing eloquence which fell from his almost inspired lips.

"But that voice is hushed, that countenance is paled by the grim destroyer. He has passed from us. Let us be admonished by this sudden bereavement, that we are but mortal. Let us seek to emulate his virtues and endeavor to follow the path which his genius has so brilliantly illuminated. His light was not that of a glowing meteor flitting across the firmament, for the brightness of his glory even the unsparing hand of Time can never fade or extinguish."

CURRENT ITEMS.

SNAKES seem to be "coming into vogue." A Mississippi gentleman, out hunting, laid down to rest, and falling asleep, was awakened by "feeling something warm on his left foot," and, to his terror, saw a huge snake covering his leg with a sort of thick saliva preparatory, as he supposed, to swallowing the limb. Slowly and cautiously bringing his rifle to bear on the monster's head, the hunter fired, and luckily blew out the snake's eyes. He then sprang up, and ran, without caring to observe the final result.

A EUROPEAN, recently travelling in South America, lay down to sleep on the bank of the Orinoco. He was awakened by loud cries from his boatman, and found himself encircled in the folds of innumerable snakes. The natives at once delivered him from their hideous coils; but although the serpents were of a harmless kind, their embrace proved fatal. The poor man's reason was overthrown by the horror of the shock, and he died of delirium.

HON. JOHN M. CLAYTON has denied, in the United States Senate, that he ever said to Mr. Crampton, the British Minister, that he considered Ruatan a British possession, as Mr. Crampton had stated to Lord Clarendon. Senators Crittenden and Fish, who had conversed with Mr. Crampton on the subject, said the latter informed them that Mr. Clayton had always denied the jurisdiction of Great Britain over Ruatan. What will Mr. Crampton do next?

ANOTHER bone of contention between this country and France is being vigorously kicked about in Washington, namely: The curt treatment of the American Military Commission by Marshal Vaillant, who in effect told the Commissioners to go about their business, and that France did not care to be bothered by them. What if he did? Have we not all had a "shy" at Napoleon and his baby?

THE receipts for the past year of the different benevolent associations that recently held their anniversaries in this city were one million, seven hundred and sixty-eight thousand, six hundred and seventy-eight dollars, and seventy-nine cents; being an increase over last year's receipts of two hundred and twenty-four thousand, six hundred and seventy-seven dollars.

IT is said that the boilers of the new war steamer Merrimac have already proved defective; also, that the boilers of the other five, which are being built, are to be constructed in the same manner as the Merrimac's, and will, therefore, of course be defective. Thus is the people's money squandered on pet jobbers.

IT is said that a part of President Pierce's Cabinet are very much afraid that his ill-timed recognition of the government of Nicaragua, will lead to serious complications of the Central American question, and perhaps result in a war with England.

Two little boys, aged five and seven years, named Cose, living in Bedford Co., Pennsylvania, not long since followed their father into the woods, got lost, and twelve days afterwards were found dead, in a swamp seven miles from home.

AN effort is being made to introduce the camel into this country as a beast of burden; the animal is also invited to make itself *generally* useful, and, as far as possible supersede oxen and horses.

THE wealthiest heiress in England, at this time, is Miss Jones Loyd, daughter of Lord Overstone, the banker; she has an uncle in this city, acting as a salesman in a boy's clothing store.

IT seems, from a recent decision in the Courts of Massachusetts, that when a man commits bigamy in that State, they let him off with a fine of $50, and costs. Cheap.

WIT AND HUMOR.

SMITH ON DEBT.—"It must be confessed that my creditors are singularly unfortunate. They invariably apply the *day after* I have spent all my money. I always say to them, 'Now, this is very provoking. Why didn't you come yesterday, and I could have paid you in full?' But no, they never will. They seem to take a perverse pleasure in arriving always too late. It's my belief the rascals do it on purpose."

A SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—"Do you know," said Marcy, to a large circle of admirers, "I have made a singular discovery? I've actually found out that General Pierce thinks—and not only thinks, but is a profound thinker! None of you will believe me, but I can assure you that night or day—awake or asleep—there is scarcely a moment but what General Pierce thinks a great deal—of himself!"

NAPOLEON has issued an imperial decree, that whenever his baby is carried by a military company on parade, or a barrack, or military post of any kind, the soldiers must salute him by presenting arms rolling the drums, sounding the trumpets, etc., just as they do when saluting the Emperor himself. The poor soldiers can't imagine how they are to tell the little Napkin from other babies.

A PAPER out west, in speaking of a railroad accident, says, with a great flourish: *We had the pleasure* of having one of our editors on board, who lost one hand, but sent us, with the other, the earliest and most reliable account of the catastrophe.

LADIES' MEASUREMENT.—We are curious to know how many feet in female arithmetic go to a mile, because we never met with a lady's foot yet whose shoe was not, to say the very least, "a mile too big for her."

A MONSTER IN HUMAN FORM.—We know a blighted old Bachelor who says, "that he supposes the natural diet of an infant being milk will account for its (s) cream!"

KALAMAZOO, May 16th, 1856.

MR. LEDGER:—If a man sells an article to another, which he guarantees to be perfect in all respects, and it turns out to be worthless; can not the seller be compelled to refund the purchase money? R. C.

In such a case, the vendor is liable to an action for damages; but whether he can be compelled to refund the money, or pay any damages whatever, will depend upon the proof which the complainant produces, and many other contingencies—such as skill of opposing counsel, temper and intelligence of the magistrate and jurors, etc.

I AM WANDERING BY THE BROOK, MARY.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I am wandering by the brook, Mary,
Where we were wont to stray,
When hope and love their pleasures cast
Their sunbeams on our way.
The lofty trees are shading yet
The wayside and the hill;
The gentle brook glides on, as yore,
Beside the old quaint mill.
The birds still ring their witching lays,
The sun still shines as gay;
But thou who wert the best beloved,
Art from me far away.

I am sitting 'neath the oak, Mary,
Beneath whose lofty shade
Our vows of love and constancy
With honest faith were made;
Its leaves are still unfaded, love,
Its bearing still as high,
As when we watch'd through opening boughs,
The bright stars in the sky!
The lightning's stroke has harmed it not,
It still stands in its pride;
But thou who wert my hope, my all,
Art no more by my side.

The little brook is mourning, Mary,
That it no more can trace
Or mirror on its limpid breast,
The sunshine of thy face;
The old oak tree is sighing, too,
And from its leaves so fair,
A mournful wail is often heard,
That thou art no more there.
But grief like mine no words can tell,
'Tis far beyond their reach;
The thoughts that lacerate my soul
Are far too deep for speech.

BALTIMORE, Md., 1856.

ASTREA CARLISLE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by R. BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

On the first night of the winter term of 18— four young girls were sitting in a large double-bedded room at "Bel Air House." It is with them that I have to do—of them that I have to speak, and with the reader's permission I will introduce them, and their surroundings at once, in order to avoid detailing the minute occurrences of boarding-school life, which are only interesting to those just freed from its restraints, or those who are yet groaning and murmuring under its decrees.

The room, as I said before, was a large chamber, containing two beds. The front windows looked out upon the Common, now half buried in snow—the back casements commanded a pleasant prospect of wood, and brook, and meadow, and the high-roofed shed beneath seemed to offer a good way of escape, in case the occupants of the apartment should wish to engage in an out-door "lark." Two plain washstands, a large pine table already covered with books, maps and slates, four cane-seated chairs, and something believed to be a rocking-chair, though both rockers had departed, completed the list of furniture. Four huge brass-nailed trunks stood at equal distances around the wall, and their owners, having made all arrangements for the long campaign before them, were trying to get acquainted, and drown all homesick feelings by merry talk and laughter.

Two important chemical properties had entered largely into the composition of these young girls. They were, respectively, of the "positive" and "negative" kind. Two were born subjects—two were sovereigns in their own right. So that in time the room would represent a small kingdom—and though they governed never so mildly, there would still be obeying and obeyed. It is of these uncrowned queens that I shall speak more fully.

Anna Hanley, though the youngest of the group, still seemed most worthy of remark and attention. She was the only child of kind and wealthy parents, and though her life had been passed, up to this, her fifteenth year, on the homestead farm, there was nothing awkward or ungraceful in her movements, nothing coarse or stupid in her face. She was tall, straight and slender, with a thoughtful, oval face, clear glowing complexion, waving brown hair, and large dark gray eyes, full of pride and fire. Her stature—remarkable for her years—and the haughty carriage of her head, made her, among the young ladies of Miss Griffith's establishment, like Saul among her fellows. The handsome well-cut mouth betokened firm will, tempered and restrained by a kind of lazy good nature. She was generous, frank and impulsive, fiery-tempered, but also forgiving, full of faults, but with many a good and noble quality to outweigh them. The idol of her parents, the pet and pride of the whole neighborhood where her childhood had been spent—she had never known a want or care. Life was to her a beautiful and blessed thing. Her sunny temperament and perfect health made mere existence a blessing, and her happy smile or hearty laugh would rout the most determined legion of "blue-devils" that ever attacked the heart of man.

By her side sat a quiet, blue-eyed girl, neither pretty nor plain, but simply good. and kind, and true—who answered to the humble name of Nancy Grey. She had been brought up in the family of Mr. Hanley, more like the elder sister of Anna than as her attendant—and being steady, sedate and faithful to the last degree, had been sent to the school by the anxious mother as a kind of body-guard for her darling. For Anna she would have given up life itself, but for others she seemed to care little. So in this gay party she was silent—contented to sit near her young friend and see that she was happy.

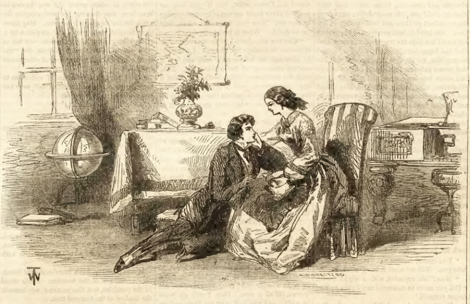
In the rocking-chair beside the register, lounged a handsome brunette, with the darkest eyes and blackest hair imaginable. This was Kate Stanton, an orphan and an heiress, who had been sent to Bel Air House for a term of three years, one of which had already elapsed' At first sight she seemed nothing more than a dashing, careless hoyden—but there was a patient will, and a lurking fire in the black eyes, and a specious meaning in her ready smile that showed her to be a dangerous friend and a terrible enemy. A perfect actress, she could assume any character she pleased, but at heart she was treacherous, cunning, and revengeful as an Indian. "Forgive and forget" could never have been her motto, but "war to the knife" for those who offended her.

Of course, she had her satellite—a good-natured, and somewhat stupid girl, of Dutch descent, named Emma Van Duysen. She was a true descendant of Holland—large, lazy and silent—with a complexion like peaches and milk, and a large, clear, liquid blue eye that would have been beautiful but for its lack of expression. To eat, drink and sleep as well as possible, and to believe in Kate Stanton, were the main objects of her life, and all were well accomplished.

And now, kind reader, having presented my characters "*in propria persona*," we will ring the bell, lift the curtain, and "play out the play."

CHAPTER II.

CUPID AND HYMEN, "SUB ROSA."



ANNA HANLEY AND JULIAN ELLINGWOOD IN SECRET CONFERENCE.

The roses had bloomed and faded, in Tenton, twice since the arrival of Miss Hanley and her companion, Miss Grey. This is a more poetical way of telling you, my dear readers, that two whole years had gone by, and left the girl of fifteen a woman (in her own estimation) of seventeen. She had grown a little taller (a thing which her schoolmates laughingly told her was not necessary, by any means)—her slender figure was rounding out into full and firm proportions, and on her own sweet country graces she had grafted a kind of haughty ease that was not without its charm. Young, good-tempered, high-spirited, and fine-looking, with the best clothes, and the most pocket-money of any girl at school, was it any wonder that she should take the lead of all, and find herself in some sort a queen among her companions? Apparently, her position was the best she could have asked—she should have been the gayest of the gay, and she was. But of late, this merriment had seemed, at times, assumed; of late her fine face had seemed clouded over with gloomy thought;—of late Nancy Grey had looked anxious and troubled, and had held long and secret consultations with her friend, from which they both arose looking more unhappy than ever. This was the state of things one evening in the early part of May, in the second year of their sojourn at Bel Air House.

The study hours were over, and groups of students were scattered over the small Common enjoying the beauty of the evening—the gentlemen playing foot-ball, and the ladies engaged in games with grace hoops, and battledores and shuttlecocks. The windows of every apartment in the house were thrown open, and the fresh, moist air of spring came gratefully into the dusty rooms, rustling among the books and papers, and breathing secrets of the haunts of the woodland violets, and the blushing May flowers that were hiding in the glen. No one seemed to heed it though in Anna Hanley's room. Nancy Grey was not there—she had gone for a walk with Miss Van Duysen, and Anna and Kate Stanton were the sole tenants of the room. The latter young lady was balancing herself on a chair by the window, trying to knock an inkstand from the table with the handle of her parasol, diversifying this occupation by whistling very clearly and sweetly snatches of songs and waltzes, and glancing curiously at her friend, who lounged in the arm-chair with her head sunk upon her breast, and her eyes fixed moodily upon the floor. Wearying of the silence, Kate left the inkstand to its fate, and exclaimed:

"If you will tell me what particular figure in that carpet engages your attention, Anna, I will have Van Duysen draw it to-morrow morning for your especial benefit, so you needn't spoil your precious eyes puzzling over it any longer.

The girl started, bit her lip, and then answered, with a forced smile—"You are very kind, but there is no need. I was only thinking."

"Only thinking!" said Kate, repeating the words with intense disgust. "I hope you don't mean to say you are going into that line of business after so long a stay at Bel Air?"

"Indeed there seems to be very little of it done here."

"Thank you for the compliment—I really take it as one, though perhaps you didn't mean it so. Thinking—where's the use of it, 'when naught is everything, and everything is naught?' Can you tell me that?"

Anna made no answer, but she seemed in danger of relapsing into the revery, and Miss Stanton rattled on.

"You won't tell, for the best of reasons, eh? Never mind. But if it's all the same to you I *should* like to know what has come over you of late. You are not the girl you was one year ago. Has some fairy changed you, not in the cradle but in the four-poster yonder?" and she pointed to the huge bed at the other end of the room.

Anna changed color, moved uneasily in her chair, and said, briefly:

"Nonsense!"

"Sense!" said Kate, indignantly. "It is sense, and you know it to be so. I can't and won't believe that such a change—mental, moral, and physical, as the Griffin would say—can have been worked without your knowledge. Now you had better confide in me—I'm safe, I assure you. The Griffin might pull every eye-tooth out of my head, and the double ones, too, for the matter of that, and I wouldn't break your secret. You had better tell me, you'll feel the easier for it. Come now, "speak out and free your mind," as they say at camp-meetings."

"They don't say any such thing, Kate," was the evasive reply.

"Don't they? Well, no matter, they ought to. At any rate, you don't know to the contrary any more than I do, that's one comfort. Now tell me what it is, there's a good soul. I tell you breaking my back wouldn't make me betray you. Have you committed murder—arson—robbery—burglary?"

To all of these questions Anna answered in the negative, as Kate paused for a reply, and then sat smiling at her evident curiosity.

"What a goose you are making of yourself, Kate," she said at last. "Can't a woman——"

"*A woman!* Ahem! Go on, my dear!"

"Well, a girl then, if it pleases you better, can't she have the luxury of a fit of the blues now and then without all this parade? I tell you I have committed no crime, now rest easy."

"I can't, I tell you," said Kate, beginning to dance the polka. "It's a thing I never did yet, and I'm not going to begin now." And then clapping her hands with a gay laugh, she peered over the top of Anna's chair, and said, with an emphatic nod:

"I've guessed it now. You are—in love!"

"Pshaw! What very strange ideas you have," said Anna, nervously. "I beg you won't trouble yourself about me any longer—you have driven away all my thoughts most effectually."

"What a polite way you have of telling any one to mind their own business," said Kate, with mock admiration. "Now I should have told you to be off at once, if the fit had seized me. But fine words are fine things after all."

Anna sauntered to the window, looked out, and yawned.

"Will you go down and have a game at battledore?" asked Kate."

"No, I believe not."

"Graces, then, or ball? I'll play either with you."

"Thank you. I don't feel in the mood to-night. I wonder where Nancy Grey can be. It was time for her to come long ago."

"Oh you needn't expect them this long while yet," said Kate. "They have gone on a long walk—and the fact is—I—I—got Miss Van Duysen to go with her."

Something in the tone of the speaker made Anna turn round suddenly and fix her eyes searchingly upon her. What was her astonishment at seeing Kate, who was always so saucy and self-possessed, blushing and trembling as she met the look.

"What do you mean, Kate?"

"What I say," replied the girl, making an effort to shake off her unusual timidity and plunging "*in media res*" at once, by way of doing so.

"The fact is, Anna, I have been trying for a week back to get a chance to talk with you but it never came, and now I have made it, I want your advice."

"You shall have it if I am able to give it. Go on."

"Well, then—you would not tell me your troubles, but I am going to tell you mine without being asked. Mind though, it is strictly confidential."

"Of course. You may depend on me."

"Well, then," said Kate, growing very red in the face, and doing the most extraordinary things with the tassels of her silk apron, "if you are not in love—I AM!"

"You are joking," said Anna, in surprise, for Kate seemed a most unlikely subject for the tender passion. "You are too full of fun to know even what the word means."

The girl drew her chair nearer, her dark face looked flushed and warm, her light, laughing manner was gone, and her eyes, fixed steadily upon Anna's face, seemed burning themselves into her very soul.

"I do not know what love means?" she said, under her breath. "How little you know me. Do you think you can know more about it? I tell you," she added, with a sudden passionate warmth, "for this love I could die, if need be. There is nothing *that* man could ask of me that I would not do—no danger, no sacrifice, no sorrow would seem too great if it was his will that I should meet it. Could you do this?"

"I cannot tell," said Anna, startled into earnestness. "No one can tell how much a heart will bear till it is tried."

"For this man's safety, I could give up my own life," said the hurried voice. "I could bear wrongs and insults and neglect and unkindness from him. I could be his servant, his slave, his dog, anything—anything so that he might love me. Could you do this?"

"Never," was the quick reply. "I could never forget my own dignity so far."

And she was right. She was a passionate, and a loving, but she was also a proud, woman. She would love tenderly, strongly, and faithfully, but never abjectly. That queenly head could never bend beneath a yoke, even though Cupid held it in his rosy hand.

"Ah!" said Kate, sadly, "I could have no pride with him. No one else should wrong me without resistance, but he might trample on my heart and it would love him still. We dark women cannot love as calmly as you fair ones do. Our blood is fire, yours is cool as ice. You can sustain your dignity and talk of pride. I can only say I love. And I can bear all things, all but infidelity, and that I would not endure."

"Katharine, you are talking wildly," said Anna, trying to read her flushed face through the gathering twilight. "You never seemed like this before. It is strange that you should do so now. What motive is hidden beneath all this?"

"There is your old distrust of all things," said the girl, in her usual tone. "Why should you ask this question, of all others?"

"Because, though I have seen little of human nature, I understand it well enough to know that you have not told me this for nothing. But never mind, go on. It will all be plain by and by."

"You think so? Well we shall see. Do you think I have lied to you to-night?"

"Far from it, Kate."

"You are right; you see me now with my mask off. I have never let you look into my heart before. If, as you say, you read my motives at last, then profit by the lesson, do you hear? profit by the lesson!"

A glimmering suspicion of the truth crossed Anna's mind, but she merely shook off the hand that grasped her arm so suddenly, and said:

"Go on. I must know first what the lesson is to be."

"I said I would bear neglect, but not infidelity. He might be cold to me, but to see him love another, that would be torture, and madness and death. I could not bear it. Would you, Anna?"

"Go on, Katharine Stanton."

"No, I could not," she said, lowering her voice and drawing still nearer, till her hot breath swept over her companion's cheek. "If I had a rival do you know how I would avenge myself on her, Anna?"

"No."

"I would not kill her, that would be merciful. But I would take such vengeance as common hearts never know, such as novelists and poets seldom write or speak of. I would devote my whole life to her ruin. I would follow her step by step through life—first of all, I would undermine and destroy that love that was her chief support and comfort, and then I would hold a cup of fire to her lips till she had repaid me to the uttermost farthing. Because my life was blasted hers should be, because every avenue to fame and wealth was closed to me they should be closed to her also. Poor and needy she should go out into the world, poor and needy I would follow her. There would be only this difference between us, she would bend under her burden, and I should bear mine with a light heart because hers was quite as heavy. I would be her evil spirit while she lived, and when the time came for her to die, when she laid down for the last time and prayed for rest and peace, I would be there, if the burning lake blazed between us, to make that deathbed and that dying hour a miserable and a hopeless one."

She stopped speaking, but her hurried and heavy breathing might have been heard in all parts of the room. Anna had not moved during this fiery burst of wrath. Now she rocked herself gently to and fro, and said, after a silence of some five minutes:

"If I did not know you so well I should certainly think you were going mad. As it is—pardon me if I say that such sentiments are not exactly the thing to express so openly, they may cause people to misunderstand you. I see that you are greatly excited—that is perfectly natural under the circumstances—but what good will all this ranting do? Speak out plainly, you have not done so yet."

"I said, '*if* I had a rival,'" answered the girl. "I *have* one—she is here, in this very room."

"Meaning me, I presume?" said Anna, carelessly.

"You have guessed it. I congratulate you on your penetration."

"There is no need. How have I supplanted you?"

The girl drew her chair still nearer, and whispered:

"Do you not love Julian Ellingwood?"

The twilight darkness hid the hot flush that mounted to Anna's cheek, but it could not hide the sudden start she gave, and the question was answered.

"You thought I was not in earnest a moment ago—you called it 'ranting,'" said the girl, with bitter emphasis. "But let me tell you, Anna, if you marry that man you will rue it bitterly. I will be revenged—nothing shall have the power to stop me. I would follow you into everlasting torment so I could know you would always suffer there."

"What maggot have you got in your brain now, Kate? Who has spoken, or even thought of marriage but you."

"Stop—don't try to deceive me!" was the fierce answer. "From the first day you met, you have loved each other. Ah, those music lessons—how much progress have you made, Miss Hanley? They were a fine cloak for your long interviews of the last year. But I saw it all. And now I ask you, will you give him up? If not, as surely as there is a God in Heaven I will make you wretched for life! I am making no idle threat—think twice before you speak?"

"Take your hand from my arm, and never dare speak another word on this subject, never name *his* name to me again!" said Anna, roused into sudden wrath. They stood face to face, and both were silent for a few moments.

"You have chosen, then?" said Katherine, in a calm and quiet tone. "You love him and you will not give him up?"

"Neither to you nor any other woman," was the quick reply.

"Then take the consequences. You have brought them upon your own head;" and turning towards the window, she flung herself into the arm-chair, looked steadily out upon the moonlit Common, and said no more.

Anna stood by the table where she had left her, meditative and quiet. The striking of a clock in the hall aroused her. She went out, passed down the front stairs to the lower hall, and after waiting a moment to see if her roommate had followed her, went into the "reception room," which was also occupied, at different hours, by the music teacher and his pupils.

The piano stool was unoccupied, but at the farthest end of the room, a young man was sitting by the open window, looking dreamily out upon the night. The chandelier was not lighted, but the yellow moonbeams made the room almost as light as day, and fell over his slight figure and beautiful face with a softened radience. The girl paused by the door, and looked earnestly at him, without speaking. Something in the grace of his figure, and the delicacy of his finely chiselled features struck like a pain to her heart. His large blue eyes were melancholy—a sweet mouth, a brow as white as snow, and traversed on the slightly sunken temples by purple veins, a cheek tinged with a hectic flush, and partly shaded by long curls of light brown hair, as soft and silky as a girls—these made up a face expressive of love, fidelity and sadness, but which lacked the sterling qualities that make the man and the hero. An expression of irresolution hovered around his handsome mouth—his frail figure was full of listless grace, but though beautiful as a dream and the very soul of truth and honor, he was a being to be protected and cared for, not one to sustain himself and others. His temperament was dreamy and sensitive. He shrank from the bustle of common life and lived lonely among those by whom he was surrounded. His passionate love of music induced him to adopt it as his profession, but all who had seen him, while patiently working over some stupid pupil, turn pale and shiver at some false note or discord, felt that it must be a continual martyrdom to him. Till Anna came he had been alone, but from their first meeting they had loved each other. She was his star, his idol, his divinity—he was rendered doubly dear to her by the ready confidence with which he leaned upon her stronger nature. But they had been rash, imprudent, though not guilty. That blind Fate, who stands ever ready to hurry us on to our own destruction, had cast the time and opportunity in their way—a secret and ill-starred marriage had been contracted, and for three months they had been man and wife. It was this secret, and *one other*, that weighed so upon the young girl's heart.

She glided behind his chair, bent down and kissed his forehead. His pale face brightened with a smile of unutterable love.

"Ah, are you there, my queen? Come round into the light where I can see you. Take my chair, and I will sit on the ottoman at your feet."

She took the seat without a word. It is worthy of remark that in all their interviews the lowly place was always his. She had never sat at *his* feet, but his chosen place was at *hers*, and laying his head in her lap, he would look up in her face and talk for hours if she would allow it, in perfect contentment. He liked to be petted and caressed, and she delighted to make a child of him. There was something in that early love, so pure, with all its passion, so dreamlike and holy that it came back to her, in after years, like a vision of Paradise, calming her in her most troubled moments, and sometimes soothing and softening her to tears.

She was silent—a little sad and gloomy it may be, for the words of Kate Stanton, smiled at in the heat of passion, now seemed to ring in her ears, like a warning of sorrow and shame to come. But Julian Ellingwood, made happy by her presence, was in a talkative mood, and laying his head upon her knee he played idly with the rings she wore, and said, archly:

"Guess what our worthy friend, the Preceptress, has just been saying to me."

"Here, Julian?"

"Here, in this very room, and not half an hour ago, my love. I waited, thinking you might come down and I could tell you."

"Take care," said Anna, with a playful smile. "I'll not have you carrying on a flirtation with her under my very eyes."

He kissed the little hand he held. "You will not be jealous when I tell you what she said. She only came to ask me about you."

"About me?" said Anna, with a sudden start.

"Yes. Why do you look so strangely? It seems one of the young ladies told her that you were growing melancholy and gloomy."

"Kate Stanton, take care," muttered Anna, inaudibly.

"I beg your pardon. What did you say, my love? I did not quite understand."

"Nothing. Go on. You were speaking of what the young lady said."

"Yes. That you were wasting away, or some such nonsense, and that she thought you had something on your mind. Your worthy teacher at once concluded it was a love affair, and having seen us together a great deal during the past year came at once to me and delivered a long lecture. I could not quite comprehend its drift at once."

"And when you did," said Anna, absently.

"When I did I satisfied her at once, of course. But who ever heard of a Preceptress, before, who meddled with such matters? I thought they always shut their eyes to everything of the kind—most conveniently blind I have known them to be in some cases."

"Do you speak from experience, Julian?" said the girl, quickly.

"Is not that unkind, my love?" he answered, a little sadly. "Have I not often told you that you were my first love, as you will be my last. I only speak of what I have seen—here and in other places."

"I know it, Julian. Pray forgive me." She bent down and kissed him, and added, with a loving smile that softened her proud face, and made her appear infinitely more charming—"You know this is the reason why I love you so well. I would not have those eyes look on another. I would have those lips kept pure for me—nay, I am even jealous when I see another touch your hand. I am unreasonable—my only excuse is my love. And now tell me more of my teacher."

"There is little more to tell. She warned me against trifling with your affections, and I told her you were too high in the scale for anything of the kind. I should as soon think of 'trifling' with a panther, Anna."

She smiled serenely, and drew herself up like a queen.

"Tell her to rest easy. *My* affections will never be trifled with. It is only the weak that meet with such troubles. Did you tell her we loved each other?"

"To be sure," said the young man, ardently. "Do you think I am ashamed to make such a confession? Your love is the crown of my life. I told her so. I told her that nothing but death should ever separate us."

Anna looked down in his flushed and earnest face, and sighed profoundly as those words were spoken.

"Nothing but Death!" she exclaimed, folding her arms around him as if to shield him from the danger she instinctively dreaded:

"You were right. And even *that* shall not part us forever?"

"We will not speak or think of such a thing, my Anna," said Julian, laying his cheek against hers, and closing his eyes. "We have so much to live for, so much to hope for, that we must not give way to one gloomy thought. But tell me one thing. *Have* you really been sad, or was the story nothing more than the silly fancy of some school girl?"

She could not bear to pain him—she was willing to bear all sorrow alone, so that no dark cloud might overshadow him. And so she smiled and answered:

"Nothing more."

The eyes of a lover are quick to detect all changes, and something in the smile and tone that she could not hide made Julian start from his recumbent position and look steadily in her face. She tried to look careless and happy, but she could not hide the traces of the care that that had borne her almost to the earth. Roused to suspicion, for the first time, he saw that she had grown pale and thin—that dusky shadows laid under her large eyes, and that the eyes themselves, though they smiled on him, could not meet his uneasy glance. He turned pale, and clasped her hands with an air of entreaty that she understood, but she turned away her head, half rose from her chair, and said it was time for to go.

"Don't leave me in this way," he said imploringly, "or I shall make myself sick with anxiety. Tell me what this means? What has happened? Am I not your——"

"I can speak here, there is no one to hear me. Am I not your husband, and have I not the right to share your trouble? Tell me then, what it is."

"Nothing, nothing! What should I, of all other persons, have to trouble me? What nonsense?"

He eyed her narrowly for a moment, and then took her hands in his, and said, gravely:

"You cannot deceive me. Something troubles you. Tell me what it is—I must know."

"*Must!*" she repeated, with a slight frown. "Did you mean to *command* me, Julian? You forget yourself."

"Forgive me, Anna, I did not mean it. But for the sake of the love I bear you, and the anxiety I shall feel, tell me. You know I always feel your troubles, even when I do not know them. We have grown so near to each other that every change of your mind is reflected in my own. This silence chills me. I can bear anything better. Will you not speak?"

She bit her lip and looked at him as if undecided what to do. At last she said, with a sudden and impulsive frankness:

"This affair concerns you as much as me, and so you have a right to know. Now can you guess what I mean?"

"Our marriage has not been discovered?" he asked.

"Not yet, but I am afraid it *will* be soon."

"Is that all, my darling?" He drew a long breath of intense relief. "You need have no fears on that score. Howland is too good a friend of mine to betray us. Besides he is now absent, preaching on the Western Circuit, and it is doubtful if he ever returns to this part of the country again. His sister is with him—she was the only other witness you know, and, of course, has no motive in turning traitor. Have no more fears, Anna; all is well.

"All is *not* well. Your arguments are good, but they have not convinced me. I tell you, in a little while, unless measures are taken to prevent it, the whole thing must be made known."

"What *can* you mean? When no other living being save ourselves and that brother and sister, who, I know, will be true as steel, know the secret—how *can* it be discovered?"

"There is an old saying," said the girl, with a dreary smile, "that always used to make me shudder when I was a child—'murder will out.' And so will wrong doing of every kind. We were wrong, Julian, very wrong!"

"Do you repent already?" asked the young man, with tears in the eyes that he raised to hers.

"I cannot repent of loving you—but still I say we have been wrong. We should have waited—we were young and there was no obstacle in the way of our marriage some years from now."

"Anna—for God's sake, tell me what you mean?"

She bent her head, and whispered a moment, in his ear.

His face flushed a clear and vivid red—he looked at her a moment with a glance of love and pride—then he turned pale, as he saw how cold and unmoved she was, and hiding his face in his hands, wept bitterly. She looked at him uneasily. Tears rarely dimmed her eyes—it seemed a weakness to yield to them—and she could not bear to see him do so.

"*Don't* Julian," she said, feeling too much annoyed to try to soothe him by caresses or loving words. "You know I dislike this—a woman ought not to shed tears, and a man never should do so."

He looked up pained and wounded at her irritated tone.

"Anna," he said, sadly, "I could not help it. No reproaches of yours would have been equal to the sight of your altered face. It is enough to make me weep tears of blood."

"I never thought of reproaching you, Julian."

"I know it—I know it!" he said, striking his forehead frantically. "And this very thing—this very patience and generosity of yours—makes my sin a thousand times greater. You are an angel—and I am a villain!"

No human being was ever prouder than this girl. Her lover's words wounded that stormy pride. To look upon him as a "villain" would be to acknowledge herself a victim, and for this she had no fancy. She had been equally at fault with him, and stood ready to bear her share of the trouble and disgrace of exposure; but to be *pitied*—by him, or any other—that was not to be borne.

She took his hands from his face, and made him look up at her. "Will you talk reason? she asked, coldly. "You are not a villain—I have not been deceived. We both know perfectly well that we were wrong, but the opportunity came and we seized it. Now we must do the best to get through our mutual trouble. But you need not go frantic, or have a fit of despair, or call yourself hard names. I am not a fool to be tempted and deceived. I have sinned and I must suffer, but if you love me you will never insult me again by even seeming to pity me. Now you know the worst, help me to decide. What is best to be done."

"Can you ask, Anna? Our marriage must, of course, be made public at once. I will write to Howland by to-morrow's mail and get a written statement of the whole affair. This, with the certificates, will be sufficient. And if any one dares to cast a reflection upon the honor of *my wife*"—he said thse words with ineffable tenderness—"he must answer for it to her husband."

"It will not do," said Anna, shaking her head. "My father is a cold, proud man, but I am his only child, and I am the darling of his old age. You have seen my mother's letters—you know how very ill he has been and how weak he is yet. I never deceived or grieved him before, and I cannot take this time to do it. Wait till he is well and strong again and you shall go with me and we will tell him all. I think he will forgive me. But we must not agitate him now."

"It will be too late, then," said Julian.

"No. I have known this some time, and have laid my plans accordingly. Nancy Grey has been brought up in my father's house from infancy, and would die for me if need be. She knows all. And we have thought it best to leave the school as if we were going home; and go away to some quiet place where we are not known, till all is over. Then I will go home in reality, and you shall meet me there, and my child—*our child*, shall plead for us with my father and mother."

"*Our child!*" said Julian, softly. A thrill ran through their veins as those words were spoken for the first time between them, and their lips met in a long and fervent kiss.

Now that the secret was out the young wife's heart was lighter. The plan she had proposed seemed feasible enough, and as her supply of pocket money was far beyond her monthly expenditures, and Julian was possessed of a competence, there was no reason why it should not be carried into execution. Drawn closer together by this new tie they talked hopefully of what was to be. She was to be attended by Nancy Grey, to a distant city, for there Julian thought a perfect privacy could be better obtained than in a country town—he was to take charge of letters to her mother, and mail them from Tenton, and forward the replies to her under an assumed name. The Preceptress was to understand that she was visiting a relative before returning home, and this circumstance would account for the letters that would still come to the school. When the expected event had terminated he was to join her, and accompany her to her home to ask forgiveness for the rash step they had taken.

The cloud that had hovered over her so long was fast passing away. The future seemed bright and sunny—she would not feel a doubt or fear. As the Seminary bell rang the half hour before nine, she saw Nancy Grey and her companion returning from their walk, and with a good-night kiss and embrace the lovers separated, and she went out to meet them.

The folding-doors of the reception room opened into a back parlor but little used. There, through that long interview, a crouching figure had lurked, listening breathlessly to the subdued voices just beyond.

When the three girls entered their apartment, Kate Stanton was lying in her bed, with her face turned to the wall, apparently far in the land of dreams.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

NORMA DANTON;

OR THE

ORPHAN OF THE LIGHTHOUSE

A TALE OF FRAUD AND REVENGE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Azubah St. Jude outlived her husband's execution, but she could not be persuaded to remain with the Dantons. All May's earnest pleadings could not avail. She only said in reply, "If thou art ill, send thy spirit forth, as I have taught thee, with a wish for my return, and I will come to thee though the seas roll between us. But I must wander for a time, till the restless spirit within me is quelled, and I may find peace. I am young and strong."

May parted with her reluctantly, but she knew she would return when her spirit's needs should prompt a recall.

Norma made a generous distribution of her time between her brother and his bride and her uncle, who always seemed happier when both his treasures, as he called the two girls, were at home; but it was not all the destiny of Norma Danton to make those who loved her happy. She had discovered a new fountain of delight within herself. She mused much on the lessons of life, and from lonely musings were born beautiful ideals. She could not live a life of mere fashionable frivolity. She lingered apart from the gay world, and wrought pictures from the canvas of imagination which often beguiled her of sad thoughts, so joyous, fresh and glad they were.

Oblivion of another love was sought in creations of high art. Her soul was chaste and calm as the sculptured forms to which her genius gave life. The Dantons lived in their elegant house, even after the expiration of their term of mourning, like a community of hermits, if the term be not hyperbolical.

It was at last evident to the anxious parents and friends that May's health was rapidly failing. She sank day after day by a gradual but mild decay, yet denied all disease with a pretty wilfulness most sad to behold, most impossible to conquer.

It was whispered by the superstitious that the witch, in whose power she was known to have been, was drawing her soul away by degrees, for her own mystic purpose. May knew their thought, and ignored the suspicion by a prompt denial; but a longing came over her to commune with her former mistress, for "she alone could make her sleep," and all other means had failed.

"Send thy spirit forth, and I will come to thee though oceans roll between us," were her last words when they parted.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A way-worn traveler stopped by the waters of the Happy Valley, and sat down to weep; long she wept and sore.

The gleaming trout darted and glided through the rippling water. The oriole sang sweet to its mate from the cypress tree that drooped, dipping its pendent boughs in the pellucid fountain.

Sunshine and shadows, sorrow and gladness, were there mingling and combining like the malleable with the harder ore.

She sat sublime in her desolation. A more than mortal beauty had settled upon the broad, pale brow, sealed with the seal of many sorrows, holy in its expression of acquaintance with grief.

It was noonday, but a moral midnight brooded over the soul of the watcher. Faith stood in the sunshine, but the mourner sat beneath the shadow of the funereal tree.

"Oh! waste and desolation of the heart, to what shalt thou be likened? to the desert when the wild simoon hath swept it, piling in heaps the slain, beneath burning sands which the arid sun scorches anew each day, and the fiery motes scathe the throat that breathes them, till even thy native traveler, the patient camel falls, tortured, panting, reckless of death? to the perpetual swell of the vast, tireless depths of ocean which the eye of Omnipotence alone can measure? or to the uncomprehended and unceasing moans, heard only in interminable forests, whose heavy darkness the wild bird shuns, within whose tangled jungles beasts of prey make their lone lairs, and slimy reptiles breed and thrive among the unsunned brakes and rank, moist herbage? Life seems a monster with eyes of fire, fierce claws and bristling hair. I strive to keep an incense of sweet-smelling savor burning betwixt me and the dire dragon form, wreathing garlands of many hues around it, while the flowers and floating mists from the glowing censer beguile me with a sense of warmth and brightness. Sometimes I weep at my toil of beauty, and the fire dies out, and the roses wither, and there the stern shape stands, glaring upon me in all its unwelcome reality. I would fain shroud my face in the cerements of the grave, rather than meet that terrible and foredoomed life."

The zephyrs were wooing the water lilies bending at her feet, the beautiful water lilies their brown coats folded about their pure white leaves, peeping so modestly from their gentle shelter; the amber petals softly glinting in the sunlight, for there was no shadow on the flowers. The mourner stooped with a glance of pleasure toward the white-bosomed lilies and gentle Faith who had stood aside watching, murmured in her own sweet voice,—

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. Therefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you? O, ye of little faith."

Arise from the shadow of the cypress boughs, let faith be your guide and hope shall illumine your path.

The weary traveler drank deep of the waters of the Happy Valley, and there where the sunlight falls on wave and lily cup, she knelt and received from the hands of faith a new baptism, and the soft dews of God's benificence outswept the stain and soil gathered from the dusty highways of life. Her soul was refreshed.

"The darkness fleeth but joy cometh with the morning." Faith kept not her vigil in vain.

May Danton slept. For many days that gracious seal had been a stranger to her eyes. She dreamed she saw Azubah a mourner still, and that she led her down into the waters and baptized her in them, and restored to her the promise of the beautiful Christ love.

And thus their spirits communed, for Azubah heard the voice of the Neophyte, and arose and came up from a far country at her spirit's call.

When she looked on the face of the young girl, she saw that she was fast nearing the home of the blest. May had foretold the hour of her coming with singular exactness. She seemed to revive with the presence of this woman, with whom she was connected by strong sympathetic links; but they eventually loosened like all other human ties, and her spirit hovered alone on the borders of the river of death. She summoned her beloved ones to her couch, whereon she lay, holding closely in hers the hand of Azubah, whom she passed quietly over to Norma, when she entered saying "be all that I should have been had I stayed longer with you;" and then she continued, "Dear Norma, do not blame me for what I am about to say. Just one year to-day I was restored to my home and parents, and with that restoration came another which was equally delightful to those who loved me. I mean my recovery from the singular mental aberration which had beclouded my reason from the moment in which I was first smitten by the ruffian power that dragged me from my home.

"I loved Otis Marshall for years before that, and all through that season of dark dreams he was my only light, but I had lost all sense of the passage of time. Memory and hope were dull. I recollect but dimly the scene in the church, nothing of it except so far as he was presented to my mind, and that I clung to him, imploring him to save me from a second separation. You know, dear, I should not have done that in my right mind. I did not lose sight of him one moment for the rest of that day, until—but I anticipate. I was sitting beside my father in the great drawing-room. Otis was on the other side of me. He arose and passed out on the verandah, and down the walk. I did not know that he had seen you just before, and had gone forth to seek you. I could not let him pass from my eyes, for fear that I should lose him, so I told papa my mother wished me to go to her.

"I slipped away from him and followed Otis with breathless eagerness. He entered the little arbor, but I dared not go in. I crouched amid the shrubbery outside, and then I heard your voice. As I listened to your words the band of iron seemed loosened from my brow, the indistinctness of perception seemed to flit from my brain.

"But his words—and I waited for them with a thirsty spirit—his words were like fire consuming with their truth the false hopes that had so long encumbered my reason. It swept over me, leaving my heart arid and desolate, but only for a little, for I knew that the richness and beauty of a more healthful growth would soon smile there.

"I saw that you, too, with all that great love bounding in your veins, were yet determined to silence the voices of your hearts for my sake. I, who knew myself a poor, weak, half-crazed girl, because you thought, Norma, I had some claims upon Otis.

"With prophetic foresight in that hour I saw that my life would be short, and that you two, beautiful ones, strong and great in your natures, would live long, and I said their lives shall be blessed to them, for I, too, am capable of disinterested love, and I prayed fervently that the affection I bore him might be changed to a sentiment worthy of one passing swiftly, as a shadow in the wind, from the passions of earth. My prayer was answered."

"Give my farewell and blessing to Otis, for there are moments when the human struggles yet with the immortal, and I would not test this fluttering heart too far.

"You know that from my childhood I have seen strange visions. I shall pass from earth with the rising of to-morrow's sun. You will be with me."

Her large, calm eyelids seemed to shed seraphic rays as she uttered these words, and Norma, in her rounded perfectness of beauty, looked some angel whom earth airs might not touch, waiting to clothe the disfranchised soul in its new robe of interwoven light and life, and bear it up to its etherial home. The gifted ear of the dying girl had heard the seraph harmonies, and her delicate, trembling sensibilities drank in already sweet influences from the scent of the white blossoms of the Amritta tree which blooms in everlasting fragrance within the bowers of perfect beauty.

She beckoned Azubah to approach, and once more lulled in those faithful arms she slept while her loved ones watched around in sorrowful expectation of the closing change herself had predicted. There she lay wrapped in the depth of slumber, with a wan pallor on the still features where the soul shone through, as if pining for its sempiternal heritage.

Just as the first rays from the sun's disc streamed smiling upon the eyes of morning, Azubah whispered "she is gone, the taint of earthliness can never touch her more."

In a remote and shady retreat of the spacious grounds, where she had marked the spot, they made her grave. The majestic trees whisper earnestly there, and beautiful children are often seen weaving bright garlands and festoons of fragrant flowers, sweet tributes to the memory of "Cousin May."

They are the children of Norma and Otis, and have brought back the sunlight of youth and hope to the somewhile dark and stormy fortunes of the Danton family.

THE END.

ABOUT PUNCTUATION.

NEW YORK, May 19, 1856.

MR. LEDGER:—Will you be kind enough to answer the following question? Can a person write a book, and send it to the publishers, without making the necessary stops, such as commas, &c? or, in other words, will the publisher insert them himself?

READER.

A practical knowledge of punctuation is one of the last accomplishments which literary people acquire, and many never attain it. Perhaps not one author in ten know how to punctuate correctly; and we never knew a publisher who could do so, unless he had been a practical printer or proof-reader. Oftentimes the manuscripts of eminent writers—lawyers, clergymen, and others, are miserably punctuated; and, on the other hand, some authors are exceedingly skilful in this department of grammar. We think it may be said, with truth, that, as a general thing, printers punctuate far more accurately than writers; and, in some cases, books which have made some noise in the world, and been highly commended, have owed much of their success to the corrections and suggestions of the proof-reader.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF JOHN SCADDIN.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO HIS MOTHER.

BY M. D. WILLIAMS.

Sister: again thou art bereft,
Another hath thy circle left,
Another link, which formed the chain
That bound to earth, is rent in twain;—
But while stern sorrow thrills thy breast,
Lo! he thou mournest is at rest.

Then dry your tears, from grief refrain,
Weep not, you soon will meet again,
In fairer home, on brighter shore,
Where parting scenes will all be o'er,—
Lo! while with grief thou art oppress'd,
Calmly and sweetly he doth rest.

God help and give thee strength to bear,
And guard thee with a shepherd's care,
And, tho' thy earthly joys are few,
Remember that he cares for you.
Then humbly bow to his behest,
Who giveth to the weary rest.

Sister, I mourn with thee, for lo!
I, too, have drank the cup of woe;
I know the anguish of thy heart,
And words of solace would impart;
God calm the throbbing of thy breast,
And give thy weary spirit rest.

WEBSTER, Michigan.

* * *

HELEN MONTRESSOR;

OR,

JUDGE REMSEN'S FIRST CLIENT.

BY MARL LEE.

Old Judge Remsen was fond of telling his early experience at the bar. My first case, he would say, came upon me most unexpectedly, after I had waited two years for a client. But those two years had not been idly passed; every day had been devoted to intense study, and observation, with direct reference to my profession. The way I came to get the case was this:

A young girl, named Helen Montressor, was to be tried at our County Court in Belleview, for stealing a breast pin valued at four dollars, and twenty dollars in gold, from the trunk of her employer, one James Wesley, a merchant, who lived in the neighboring town of Bedford. The theft, which was detected some five weeks before, occasioned quite a talk at the time, as the girl was very beautiful, and James Wesley and his wife Eunice were anything but that, besides being generally detested. People said Helen had been treated shamefully by her mistress, who was jealous of her; and it was even hinted that there had been foul play in the prosecution for theft. The subsequent arrest of a noted gang of counterfeiters and horse-thieves had so absorbed public attention, that the case of Helen Montressor was quite forgotten, and no one seemed to care for her fate. But when her case was called, and she was placed in the prisoner's box, her surpassing beauty riveted every eye, and her youth, simplicity and apparent innocence inclined all hearts toward her; and when the Judge asked her who was her Counsel, and she modestly replied that she had none, and that she had no money to pay a lawyer, there was not a member of the bar present, who would not have willingly undertaken her case. The Judge, after looking around the room for a moment, fixed his eye on me, and said, "Mr. Remsen, you will please act as this young lady's Counsel." I started as though I had been shot. I felt the hot blood rushing to my face, and trembled as with an ague fit. Luckily a juror was just taken ill, and the Court adjourned till ten o'clock the next morning, or I am afraid that I should have made sad work of my client's case.

As I left the court room I looked at my watch; it was eleven o'clock; so I had but twenty-three hours to prepare for the struggle. What am I to do? I asked myself. First, I must find out exactly what the charge is against my client; secondly, I must see the evidence taken before the magistrate who committed her; thirdly, I must see my client and hear her story; fourtlhy, I must then see what I had better do next. I at once called upon the District Attorney and asked to see the indictment, and the evidence taken before the Justice of the Peace. As he tumbled over a pile of documents, in search of the papers, he said, "The Judge must have a spite against you, Remsen, to put you into such a tight place, and you a green hand, too. No offence, my dear fellow," he added as he observed the rising color of my cheek—"no offence; I simply meant that you are inexperienced. There are the documents. You may take them home with you, if you like—only be sure to bring them to Court to-morrow morning. You will see, on perusing them, that your lovely client has not a ghost of a chance."

I was annoyed at this light reference to my client, for whom I already entertained the deepest respect and believed to be innocent; but I said nothing in reply. Hastening to my office, I locked myself in and commenced the analysis of my case. The indictment was, in brief what I have already stated. The evidence before the Justice of the Peace consisted of the testimony of James and Eunice Wesley, Sarah Brown, a seamstress, Charlotte Boyce, a domestic, and Thomas Hannegan, man-of-all-work employed by the Wesleys. Hannegan's evidence seemed straight-forward and truthful, and so did the servant girl's. I made up my mind that they were not unfriendly to my client, and that I would seek an interview with them, although it should necessitate a journey to Bedford. In Miss Brown's testimony I at once detected intense malice, and I determined to harrow her unmercifully in my cross-examination. Wesley's evidence was very similar in style and matter to that of Hannegan; but Mrs. Eunice Wesley's testimony was full, discursive and acrimonious—such, for instance, as that, "She had always believed Helen to be a viper, but her husband had upheld the trollop." I remembered the gossip about Helen's ill-treatment, and Mrs. Wesley's jealousy; and to my mind, the case now seemed clear: I believed that Mrs. Wesley herself had put those things in Helen Montressor's trunk.

I next went to the Court-house and requested Mr. Mace, the Sheriff, who lived in a wing of the building, to introduce me to the prisoner. He conducted me to her cell. Although the bolts clangged heavily as they sprang from the locks, our entrance did not seem to attract her attention. She was standing with clasped hands, before her narrow, grated window, gazing intently at the sky, which dipped far over the hills to the north. Never had I before beheld such a transcendantly lovely creature, nor have I ever seen one to compare with her since. The Sheriff touched her arm, and said, "Miss Montressor, this gentleman, Mr. Remsen, is the lawyer who is to manage your case to-morrow, and he wants to see you." She started and turned quickly round. A burning blush overspread her face, neck and temples. She made a graceful inclination of her head, to indicate her readiness to listen, but she said not a word. The Sheriff had already left the cell, and we were alone. I had pulled off my hat, and now stood fumbling it in my hands. Conscious that every moment was precious, I made a desperate dash, and said,

"Miss Montressor, we must throw aside all ceremony and communicate frankly upon this painful business. I say painful, because it is no less harrowing to me than to yourself. Not that I think you guilty, for I believe in my soul that you are innocent."

"O, say that again!" she exclaimed, gazing earnestly into my eyes and clasping her small white hands before me, like a little child lisping its evening prayer.

I repeated my belief in her innocence, and added, "the next thing is to *prove* that you are innocent. As things now are, this promises to be a difficult matter: but I am not without hope. If you will tell me frankly what your experience has been with the Wesleys, my task may be very much lightened."

I then put a series of questions, which she answered with entire frankness, whereby I learned that she was fifteen years old, (she looked eighteen;) that she had lived with Mrs. Wesley about eight years; that before she lived with Mrs. Wesley, who had been married nearly eight years, she had lived with a kind old gentleman, named Gregory, who taught her to call him grandpa, and loved her very dearly, and whom she loved back again; that Mrs. Wesley, who was then called Miss Nesmith, lived with Mr. Gregory also; that he seemed afraid of Miss Nesmith; that Miss Nesmith inherited all his property, and married Mr. Wesley about a month after old Mr. Gregory died; that she told her (Helen) never to call him grandpa any more, for he wasn't any relation to her at all; that the day on which old Mr. Gregory died he gave her a sealed packet, and told her not to let Eunice (Mrs. Wesley) see it, but to keep it carefully, for it would make her a rich young lady, and then he cried, and said he had let Eunice have her own way too much; that she fell asleep with the packet in her lap, and when she woke up it was gone, and she had never dared ask any questions about it; that Mrs. Wesley hated her, and beat her, and treated her like a slave, and threatened to kill her, and that she had sometimes thought of drowning herself, she was so miserable; that Mr. Wesley had said improper things to her, that he was a bad man, but very weak and cowardly, and completely under his wife's control; that the day on which her trunk was searched, she was sent to the minister's on an errand, was gone about an hour and a half, and on her return was taken up stairs to see her trunk opened, before she had pulled off her bonnet and shawl; that she was sure Mrs. Wesley had put the things in her trunk while she was gone out, because she (Helen) had overhauled it that very morning, and they were not in it then; but whether Mr. Wesley knew about it she could not say, although she rather thought he did, because he looked guilty when his wife was opening the trunk.

Telling the poor girl to cheer up and keep good heart, I withdrew, and went to the Sheriff's sitting-room, where I found Mrs. Mace. I at once informed her that it was my opinion that Miss Montressor was an innocent, persecuted girl, and that I hoped she would try to cheer her up that day and evening, so she could enter the Court-room with a good heart on the morrow. This the kind-hearted woman promised to do, and I hastened to my office. My brain was in a whirl. Gregory—grandpa—the packet which was to make her a rich young lady—its mysterious disappearance! What could all that mean? Was old Mr. Gregory really Helen's grandfather? Was that packet his last will and testament bequeathing his property to her? And had Eunice Nesmith, now Eunice Wesley, stolen it from the child as she slept, that *she* might clutch the property by virtue of a former will which had been *forced* from the dying old man? "He cried, and said he had let Eunice have her own way too much!" Her own way about what? I felt certain that I had got on the track of a great villainy, and thought I could now somewhat understand the reason for Eunice Wesley's hatred of Helen and her desire to blast the poor girl's character. After spending a half hour in settling my thoughts and arranging my plans, I went to a livery stable, ordered a carriage, and drove to Bedford.

It was two o'clock when I reached the village. I wished first to see Hannegan, Wesley's serving-man. By making a few cautious inquiries at the tavern, and disbursing a half-dollar to the hostler, Hannegan was soon locked in my room and informed of my business. He was much pleased to find I was Helen's friend, and on my promising never to let what he said get to Mrs. Wesley's ears, he told me that she had always treated the poor girl like a dog; that he had seen her strike Helen, and heard her threaten to kill her, and to ruin her reputation; and that he believed the breastpin and money had been put in the trunk by the old catamaran herself. In answer to my questions, he stated what Helen's behavior was when the articles were found in her trunk, and described the breastpin and the money. The latter consisted of four half-eagles, "one of which had a hole in it, that had been made by Mr. Murch, the jeweller, so Mrs. Wesley could string it on a pink ribbon, for a birthday present for the minister's little boy; and that was one way Mrs. Wesley knew the money was hers." He also gave me a piece of an old letter, signed "Eunice Gregory," that he had found in the yard, and which he maintained was in Mrs. Wesley's hand-writing. "That had made him suspect her name wasn't Nesmith before she was married to Wesley; and he had thought she might have been some relation to old Mr. Gregory who died, and that there must have been something bad to make her change her name."

This information made a deep impression on my mind, taken in connection with what Helen had told me; besides, the name *Eunice Gregory* seemed floating in my memory as though I had seen it connected with some event which had faded from recollection, and was now dimly recalled.

I dismissed Hannegan, and paid a visit to Mr. Murch, the jeweller. I told him confidentially who I was, and for what purpose I had called. He distinctly remembered the half-eagle business—in fact, it was set down on his record, whereon every transaction of his shop was as punctiliously recorded as though it were an imperial ukase. At my request he turned to his book to see on what day the hole was made in the half-eagle. It was Wednesday, the seventeenth day of March—the very day Helen's trunk was searched. I asked at what hour the coin was delivered to Mrs. Wesley. He replied that she called for it about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and that Miss Montressor's trunk was searched about one o'clock on the afternoon of the same day.

"That looks rather strange," said I; "would you have any objection to attend the trial to-morrow, with your book, and testify in this case?"

"None at all," he replied; "I have intended from the first, to be present at the trial."

I bade the jeweller good day, and turned to depart. At that moment Wesley entered the shop and was accosted by name by the jeweller, who gave me a wink to indicate who he was. As we had never before met, I had no fear of his recognising me, and so regarded him at my leisure. He was an evil looking man. Over his left eye was a queer-shaped scar, which branched off and ran crookedly across his forehead. The instant I saw that scar I felt as though I should drop to the floor. The whole thing was clear to me now. That scar, the description of which I so well remembered, brought the whole story freshly to mind. I remembered now the name of Eunice Gregory—the child murderess—and there stood her accomplice, under an assumed name. Giving the jeweller a warning glance, I hastened to my carriage and drove furiously home.

After taking some refreshments, I shut myself in my room, and determined to pass the entire night, if necessary, in preparation for the coming contest. I now not only wished to clear my client of the charge made against her, but also to expose the Wesleys and oblige them to make restitution to the wronged and pillaged orphan; for I felt an assured conviction that all the property they had in the world rightfully belonged to Helen Montressor. I ransacked my memory to find something tangible concerning the past career of Eunice Gregory and her accomplice, but I could find nothing. I had read the story many years before in a newspaper, the name of which I could not now remember. I could not *prove* that the Wesleys were the same parties; and should I mention my *suspicions* in Court, the District Attorney would scout them as ridiculous and malicious inventions of my own, and the Judge would charge the jury to pay no heed to them. I must *sap* the character of the Wesleys in my cross-examination of their witnesses, and thus try to effect a breach sufficient to justify a direct assault, on a charge of conspiracy against Helen, and then crush James Wesley on the witness stand. Oh, I could have kissed that hideous scar on the wretch's forehead, for in *it* I saw a certain point of attack, vulnerable to my first question, when I should have him at my mercy. And I wove my meshes for the unsuspecting victim, until the morning sun-rays streamed through my window.

Time seemed to fly on lightning wings. The morning vanished, the Court was opened, a jury empannelled, the case called, Helen Montressor placed in the prisoner's box, and the District Attoney's telling, merciless opening of the case completed, in what seemed to me but a few minutes of time. Helen looked lovelier and more innocent than ever, and I resolved that full justice should be done her, if my resources could compass such a result. It is in such an hour that the lawyer feels the honor and dignity of his position; and it is then that he also feels its responsibility.

The first witness was Charlotte Boyce, the servant girl. She had been called by her mistress to go up and see Helen's trunk searched; she went up, and saw the breastpin and the money found in it—tucked away in one corner. By my cross-examination I elicited from the witness the fact that Helen had just come home from an errand (on which she had been absent over an hour) when her trunk was searched, and had on her bonnet and shawl; that "she looked quite innocent and unconcerned until the things were found, and that she then seemed astonished and in a dream like." On dismissing the witness, I glanced at the jury, to see if what I had elicited had made any impression upon them; but they sat with stern faces, as though resolved that nothing should make them clear the culprit. I called Miss Boyce back, saying I had forgotten a very important point. This excited some attention, and when I asked her if Mrs. Wesley was in the habit of ill-treating the prisoner, everybody pricked up their ears. The girl hesitated and stammered, but finally said she thought she was. "And why do you think so?" I asked. She replied, "Because Mrs. Wesley beat her, once with a large club, and threatened to kill her, and was always scolding her. But don't ask me any more questions," she suddenly exclaimed, "or I shall lose my place!" I glanced at Mrs. Wesley, and saw that she was regarding her servant with a look of intense malignity, and for the purpose of annoying her as much as possible, I appealed to the Court to protect the witness against the threatning looks of her mistress, who was evidently bent on intimidating her. This brought all eyes to a focus on Mrs. Wesley's ugly countenance, and she turned fairly blue with indignation. The Judge told the witness to speak without fear, and if she lost her present place by telling the truth, she would undoubtedly find plenty of better ones. Being satisfied with the impression already made, I told the witness she might go, and the District Attorney permitted her to pass without further questioning.

The next witness was Miss Sarah Brown, the seamstress—a rat-eyed, hatchet-faced, dapper little creature, who looked as though she could nip off the head of a tenpenny nail about as easily as she could bite off a thread. "She was at work for Mrs. Wesley at the time the theft was discovered. She met Helen, the day before her trunk was searched, coming out of her mistress' room, and she looked so guilty she then suspected she had been doing something wrong. The same day Mrs. Wesley spoke to her about the things being gone, and she told Mrs. Wesley her suspicions. Thereupon they thought it would be a good plan to search Helen's trunk; she proposed that they should do it at once, but Mrs. Wesley preferred to wait until the next afternoon. When the trunk was searched, the things were found in it, just as she had expected they would be."

When the witness was passed over to me, I said in a careless tone, "Miss Brown, look at Miss Montressor, and tell me if you think she is handsome." Everybody looked at the beautiful prisoner, and then turned to hear Miss Brown's answer. After much stammering she said "she supposed *some* people would call her handsome." A great titter followed this reply, and it was evident that the jury, as well as the audience, were satisfied that Miss Brown was not very much in love with Miss Montressor. Having succeeded in fastening this conviction upon them, I asked how she knew the money was in Mrs. Wesley's room, the day she had met Helen coming thence. "She knew it, because Mrs. Wesley had told her it was there. She couldn't be mistaken, for Mrs. W. had spoken particularly about the half-eagle with a hole in it, which she was going to present to the minister's little boy." This I made her say over and over again, until there could be no mistake about it, and then asked if she knew who made the hole in the half-eagle. "Yes; Mr. Murch, the jeweller, made it." "Is he in the room?" I asked. "Yes; there he is," said she, pointing to Murch, who was sitting near. I told Miss Brown she could go; and, as I supposed he would do, the District Attorney requested that Mr. Murch should be sworn. The oath having been administered, the Attorney handed Murch the identical half-eagle and asked if he recognised it. He said he did, that he made the hole in it for Mrs. Wesley, and that the Magistrate who committed the prisoner had made a mark upon it so it could be easily identified. "That's all; the witness is yours, Mr. Remsen," said the District Attorney. "Do you remember, Mr. Murch, on what day of the month you made the hole in the half-eagle you are holding in your hand?" I asked. "It was on the seventeenth day of last March," said he. "Why, that was the very day the prisoner's trunk was searched, was it not?" said I, turning to the District Attorney. "That is the day mentioned in the indictment," he replied. Turning again to the witness, I said, "Mr. Murch, please try to recollect with precision; you heard the witness who preceded you swear that Mrs. Wesley told her that that identical half-eagle, with the hole then made in it, was in her husband's trunk on or before the sixteenth day of last March." "Yes," said Murch, "I heard her swear to that, and was astonished, for Mrs. Wesley brought me the coin on the afternoon of the sixteenth, and told me I must have it fixed by noon of the next day; at eleven o'clock on the seventeenth she came for it, and at one o'clock that afternoon it was found in Miss Montressor's trunk, with the other things."

The District Attorney turned sharp around and gave the Wesleys a piercing look. Mrs. W. sat immovable; but Wesley turned pale and fairly cowered beneath the gaze of the Attorney, who, I saw, was now convinced of the true facts of the case; and the Judge and Jury seemed to be of the same mind. I felt certain, then, of a verdict in my client's favor, but how was I to crush the Wesleys and win back her estate? I decided on my course.

Hannegan was the next witness, and I showed, by him, that Mrs. Wesley had persecuted the prisoner in the most outrageous manner—beating her, threatening to kill her, and to ruin her reputation, and ill-treating her shamefully. His testimony excited so much indignation against the villainous couple, that I longed for the moment to arrive when James Wesley should take the stand. When Hannegan retired, Mrs. Wesley whispered to her husband, and he whispered to the Attorney. The latter seemed surprised at first, but made a gesture of assent, and announced that the prosecution would there rest the case. Everybody was surprised that the Wesleys had not been called to testify, and I was quite stunned. My plans were all disarranged. I divined at once that Mrs. Wesley had suggested this extraordinary course to shield her husband and herself from my cross-examination. Had the instinct of self-preservation told her what was coming? I immediately decided upon my course, and rose to open the case for the defence. I began by stating that I had incontestible evidence that a conspiracy had been entered into to blast the character of my client, to enable parties to the conspiracy to perfect *certain secret plans,* which, when I proceeded to expose them, would fill the community with horror. I saw that everybody was prepared to believe almost anything, and determined to waste no time in words. So, I requested that James Wesley might be sworn, and desired the Judge to have Eunice Wesley removed from the room and kept beyond earshot while her husband was being examined. She was taken out by the Sheriff in the midst of profound silence, and when I turned to question Wesley, it seemed as though every heart was standing still.

"James Wesley," said I sternly, "how came that scar on your forehead?"

As the villain turned ghastly pale, staggered, and clutched at the railing of the witness-box for support, I felt sure of my man, and said, "Answer me, *Bob Harman;* how came that scar on your forehead?"

At the mention of the name 'Bob Harman,' the wretch fell back upon the seat and groaned "Oh don't—don't bring *that* up ag'in me."

"I shall bring *that* up, and more too, unless you answer me truly about this pretended theft. Now, tell me—did not *Eunice Gregory* put those things in Miss Montressor's trunk?"

"Oh my God! how did you know about Eunice Gregory? Don't bring *that* up now. It's gone by years ago," groaned the wretched man.

"Answer me, then; did not your wife put those things in Miss Montressor's trunk?"

"Yes—she did;—let the girl go, and don't ask me any more questions."

The excitement had now become overwhelming, and the witness was beginning to fear for his bodily safety—a fact which I determined to use as an additional screw. "I shall ask for but little more information," I replied, "as I do not wish to expose you to the rage of this audience, if you will answer me promptly. Where is the will that old Mr. Gregory executed on the day of his death, in which he made his grand-child, Helen Montressor, his heir, and which your wife stole from the child as she lay sleeping?"

"Oh Lord! it's come at last, just as I told her it would. Such things always come out, *sometime.*"

"Where is the will?" I thundered.

"It's in my old black trunk, at home. *She* thinks it is clean gone, but somehow I never could muster courage to destroy it out and out."

Having achieved everything I wished, and not caring to prolong the painful scene, I asked the District Attorney if it would not be best to dismiss the case. He cheerfully assented to the proposition, and Miss Montressor, who in her flush of agitation and thankfulness looked more lovely than ever, was released from the custody of Mr. Mace and placed in charge of his wife, while the Sheriff himself was dispatched with Wesley to secure the all-important will, and Mrs. Wesley slunk away from the indignation of the assembly.

The excitement was so great, the Court was adjourned till three o'clock, P. M., and I was obliged to state, for the gratification of the crowd, how I had managed to get on the track of the Wesleys. I told them that many years before I had read an account of the murder of a child by its aunt, Eunice Gregory, assisted by her lover, one Bob Harman, for the purpose of possessing herself of her neice's estate. In that account, it was stated that Harman, at the time of the murder, had fallen down an area and gashed his forehead terribly, which afterwards healed over and left a peculiar scar, which was described. The hints I received from Helen's story, and the old bit of letter signed Eunice Gregory, had set my memory at work, and when I met Wesley and observed the peculiar scar on his forehead the whole thing flashed upon me, and I then determined to make a bold push to expose them, and not only defend Helen against the charge of larceny, but wrench from her unnatural aunt the patrimony that had been withheld from her. "And, gentlemen," said I, "you have seen the result!" My explanation was received with much applause, and a movement was set on foot to have the Wesleys indicted for perjury; but it was never carried out, as they disappeared from that part of the country, and we all thought it best not to bring them back for any purpose whatever.

In conclusion, I may as well state, that the Sheriff secured the will, that Helen secured the property, and that I secured Helen; and if you will go home with me, you shall have an introduction to her and the children. That first case did the business for me all round, as by it I secured a great reputation, plenty of practice, a handsome wife, and a large fortune.

* * *

FARMVILLE, May 3, 1856.

MR. LEDGER:—If a gentleman courts a lady more than twice, and she tells him every time she loves him, but that she is too young to marry, do you think that, according to the laws of etiquette, he should consider himself engaged, or under any obligations to her?

M.

No, of course not. An engagement of marriage is too important a thing to be *assumed,* or "understood," or taken for granted; it should only be founded on unmistakeable arrangements.

THE DEATH STRUGGLE;

OR,

THE TWO MARINES IN INDIA.

While the grand imperial war was agitating all Europe, cannon were thundering over the distant waters of the Indian ocean, and glorious contests were carried on, from the coasts of the Isle of France and Bourbon to the shores of the Ganges, and even to the numerous archipelagoes that terminate the eastern peninsula of the Indies. Fleets were not combatting fleets; but adventurous corsairs and bold captains, often with a single ship, disturbed the English dominion of the seas, and, by isolated feats of arms, consoled the imperial navy for its inferiority.

Monsieur Baradas, captain of the French corvette, the Eclair, one of the bravest French marines, had won a favorable name among the English; and such was the terror inspired by his audacity for many years, that the India Company at last offered fifty thousand piastres to any one who would take him. More than this royal recompense, the desire to conquer a glorious rival, and free from a scourge the commerce of his country, animated Commodore Corbett, the most illustrious captain in the English navy in India.

But chance had not yet brought them together, and the redoutable cruiser of Corbett was fatal only to French merchantmen that sailed between the two colonies. At the time our story commences, the Eclair was at anchor in the Isle of France, and her commander had not been seen for many days.

On the morning of the thirteenth of September, 1809, a small French vessel sailed out of the road of St. Denis at Bourbon, and steered towards the Isle of France. A large number of passengers crowded the deck with anxious faces, for most fortunate would they be should they escape the English cruisers. Many times already the inexperienced eyes of the passengers had taken for a sail the distant wave, or the wing of a sea-fowl as it skimmed along the surface of the waters. They laughed yet trembled at these deceptions, but, while the bravest and the most dissimulating affected a presumptuous security, the greater number cast looks of the most tender solicitude towards some mysterious bales, which they almost fancied they saw already within the rapacious grasp of the English.

"A sail to windward!" was heard, cried out by a sailor.

"A sail!" exclaimed the merchants on board, jumping up in a fright, and eagerly directing their looks towards the point indicated.

"Is it not a gull this time?" sighed one.

The captain pointed his glass towards the place where the sail was seen.

"Ha! ha!" he exclaimed. "It is to be feared we shall not sleep for some time in the Isle of France or Bourbon. If there were only ourselves and bales here; but—" and, with anxiety in his countenance, he hurried precipitately to the cabin.

He returned the moment afterwards, preceded by a man whose aspect commanded attention. The stranger appeared about thirty, of the middling size, and well made. From his dress one would have taken him for a merchant, or perhaps a planter, while his distinguished manners announced his knowledge and intercourse with what is called the *beau monde.*

"Give me your glass, captain," said he, in a hurried tone.

"Here it is, M. Louis," replied the captain, with deference. M. Louis gave but one look through the glass, and said, as he returned it, "it is an English vessel; a man of war."

He turned from the coast with a gesture of resignation, for Saint Denis was too far, and to steer for the land would be dangerous, on account of the formidable bars around Bourbon; besides, the Englishman was approaching rapidly.

He then left the deck, descended to the cabin, and reappeared with a little packet, under whose envelope was seen the round form of a ball. He looked again at the vessel, now perfectly distinguishable, and flung his packet into the sea. Then, thrusting his hands into his pockets, he began to walk the deck and talk with the captain, who appeared as uneasy as his companion seemed tranquil.

This scene, which was transpiring in the offing, was observed on shore by a group of persons who, since the morning, had been watching the ship in the tacks she made along the coast. The same anxiety that affected the passengers seemed to agitate these distant spectators, as they passed a spy-glass from one to another, from time to time making remarks, and communicating the results of their observations.

"Oh! he cannot escape," said one. "There, he flings his packets into the sea. He must have discovered the most terrible of the enemy, and will try to get out of reach. See, the English hail them! Now they come up to the frigate! They board her! I see him going up the ladder! He is on deck! God preserve him!"

And the group retired sadly.

Let us return to the sea, where, as we have just seen, the fate of the small vessel was decided. The English frigate was the Nereid, commanded by the famous Corbett in person. He was a daring seaman, and, moreover, a perfect gentleman. He very politely seized the ship and passengers, and, after making them compliments of condolence, prayed them to accede to the arrangement he had to make for them, on board a prize that sailed under the cannon of his frigate with other captured vessels; while as for M. Louis, whom he had instantly distinguished from the rest of his companions, it was his wish to have him pass the time of his captivity on board the frigate. The prisoner at first sought to decline the honor, stating he was only a plain merchant, going to the Isle of France to dispose of a small quantity of goods; but whether it was the effect of natural affability, or his intuitive judgment of an enlightened and superior man, the commodore, by all sorts of gentle violence, at last succeeded in retaining the merchant with him.

He invited his prisoner to dine with him, and M. Louis sustained the conversation with the utmost ease and freedom. Nevertheless, under the gayety he wore, a suspicious observer could have seen the most profound attention to everything around him, and a continual guard over himself, concealed by a happy disposition. The wine began to augment the good humor of Sir Corbett.

"To your good health, M. Louis," said he, emptying his glass of champagne.

"To the accomplishment of all your wishes, commodore."

"That is a presumptuous toast, Monsieur; for my first wish is to meet and conquer the captain who does the most honor to your navy."

"If that is the case, commodore," said the prisoner, speaking somewhat louder, "I will restrict my toast. May you meet him, and may you both maintain the honor of your flags!"

At this moment a midshipman came and whispered a few words in the commodore's ear, who appeared to take the liveliest interest in what he was hearing. A shade of uneasiness covered the face of M. Louis until the midshipman left them.

"Do you know the commander of the Eclair?" asked Sir Corbett.

"I have seen him once," replied M. Louis, finishing his glass with the utmost indifference.

"Well, when you return to the Isle of France, where he now is, tell him that Commodore Corbett sends him his compliments for the prize of fifty thousand piastres, which the company offer for his capture, and that he has a mind to get it. Tell him further, to take good care of himself, for if I ever get him in my hands he will have no other table for a long while than the one where you are eating at this moment. Both of us are too much for the Indian seas, and I am tired of hearing his exploits recounted every day."

The eye of the commodore flashed as he said these words.

One moment the eye of his guest kindled also, but then instantly passed away.

"Bah!" said M. Louis, with his good-natured air, as he knocked the glass of the commodore. "I like this noise better than that of cannon."

The commodore smiled; but M. Louis had not finished the half of his wine when he replaced his glass on the table, and made a bitter grimace.

"What is the matter?" cried Sir Corbett.

"Nothing—nothing. A sickness, a slight nausea—the rolling, the unusual—"

"You are sea-sick!"

"Yes, commodore, it must be sea-sickness I feel coming on; perhaps the air will do me good. Allow me to go on deck!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Englishman, laughing. "You are not as good a sailor as your countryman. Take my arm."

And the commodore, still laughing, assisted him on deck, led him between decks, and along the batteries. At every step M. Louis uttered cries of surprise and *naive* exclamations, which might have created suspicion had not the marine thought it was quite natural to admire everything belonging to his sublime and perilous profession. The cannon, in particular, seemed to produce an extraordinary effect on him. Their enormous size and terrible aspect did not at all suit him.

"I had no idea cannons were so large!" said he, regarding them with astonishment. "What mouths! Why a man could easily get into one!"

His wonder and his comical remarks made the commodore wish to prolong the diversion his prisoner afforded him, he, therefore, proposed to fire a broadside.

"No, no, if you please, commodore," he replied, at the same time manifesting so much uneasiness that Sir Corbett was nearly ready to die with laughter. As they turned to leave the battery they met a sailor, whose appearance gave the prisoner evident concern, for he hastened his steps, and put up his handkerchief to his face.

"Hold, commodore," said he, frankly, "I have had my fill of the sea and of your frigate, and would willingly give a thousand piastres for one square foot of land. Can you not, then, find means to send me on shore?"

"Your company is so agreeable, M. Louis, that I have a mind to keep you a long time; yet, after all, I love you too well to be difficult with you about coming to any agreement you wish."

They were on the gallery, that served to lengthen the captain's apartment, and from whence they could see the vessels he had taken.

"Will you make a bargain with me?" asked the prisoner, as if struck by a sudden thought. "I would gladly buy one of your prizes. How much would you ask for the one with the broken mast?"

"Are you speaking seriously?"

"Very seriously, commodore."

"Well, if you will give me eleven thousand piastres for the Sapajou, you will make an excellent bargain."

"Agreed—eleven thousand piastres. But let us understand each other fully. I will give you eleven thousand piastres for myself and the vessel."

M. Louis said this so innocently, and with so much good nature, that Sir Corbett exclaimed, laughing—

"The ship and yourself; it is understood."

"Very well, commodore. Have the goodness to give me materials for writing, and please to place a small boat at my disposal; to-morrow, at the break of day, my eleven thousand piastres will be on your deck, and I shall tread my dear earth once more."

Sir Corbett seated himself on his couch, gayer than ever. He showed his desk to the prisoner, who rapidly wrote a few lines. A servant came at the call of the commander, and the order was given to carry the letter on shore.

M. Louis left Sir Corbett, while, from politeness, striving to check some little indications of gaping, and went and flung himself on his bed, where he made three hearty signs of the cross, and slept not all night, notwithstanding he had appeared so much fatigued.

The next morning the boat returned, and M. Louis counted out the money agreed upon for the commodore, and departed. Scarcely had he left, when the sailor, whose sight had given M. Louis so much uneasiness the previous evening, exclaimed, "By Neptune! that man is no lubberly landsman! I'm certain he is no other than the famous Captain Baradas himself! I've good reason to remember him." This exclamation excited a great commotion, and without stopping for particulars, Commodore Corbett at once sent a boat in pursuit. But he was too late. The fugitive reached the shore in safety.

M. Louis was, indeed, the captain of the Eclair; the hero of Bourbon, the terror of the English; he whose capture was worth fifty thousand piastres!

Just one year from that day, a ship that the English had captured, entered the road of Bourbon. It was the African, a superb frigate of the first order, just returning from England, and bringing back Commodore Corbett. The remembrance of the comedy in which he had been the dupe the preceding year was not effaced from his memory; and more than once, during the voyage, he had looked upon his beautiful frigate with pride, while thinking of the pretended M. Louis.

He disembarked and proceeded to the governor's house, where a grand breakfast was given to celebrate his arrival. He found the governor, Sir Farquhart, in a large saloon, commanding a fine view of the sea, and delivered his despatches. While Sir Farquhart was turning them over, he walked to the window and looked out upon the road. At that moment a French vessel was turning from a long tack she had made at the extremity of the island.

"Sir Governor," cried the commodore, "if I mistake not, I know that frigate."

"You do not deceive yourself, commodore; it is the Nereid."

"The Nereid, with a tri-colored flag?"

"She has carried that flag two weeks," replied Sir Farquhart, laying aside his papers.

He then related the last engagement at Grand-Port, and added:

"Yes, commodore, we have been beaten, four against two. It is true, that after the affair the conquerors were not much better off than the conquered. The Nereid received the least damage of all the frigates, so Captain Baradas took her, and has carried his flag on her ever since."

"What!" exclaimed Corbett, his eyes flashing. "Baradas on board the Nereid? Baradas command a squadron?"

"He has gained two promotions in two months. He is a bold marine."

Corbett stamped with anger.

"My frigate! The frigate in which I had him prisoner, and from which I let him depart! But, d—— me!" said he, striking his forehead; "it is the same day on which he fooled me like a child—to-day is the anniversary of my shame. But this day I will be revenged! Sir Farquhart give our squadron at St. Paul's the signal to get ready. Baradas and I must celebrate this day with the firing of cannon."

An hour afterwards, Sir Corbett was traversing the port, followed by boats loaded with marines and soldiers. Five English vessels were ready. As soon as the commodore had reached the deck of the frigate, all the sails of the African were hoisted, and she bounded away as if animated by the impatient spirit of her master.

It was then that the Nereid seemed to perceive that she was threatened. She instantly changed her course, made a signal to a French frigate without the road, whose sails filled and went off; the Nereid sailed behind her, and took the post of honour. The English ships followed in the train of the African. It was a race of two rival flags. A crowd of English and French thronged the shore.

"They fly," said the English.

"Yes, they fly until further orders," replied the French.

Night descended on the sea; a brilliant moon shone on the waves; and the Nereid kept on her course, though at a long distance behind her companion. The English vessels were equally distanced, for the African, being a fast sailer, greatly outstripped them. Her superior speed soon left them still further behind, and in the same proportion brought her nearer the Nereid. Thus they ran on a greater part of the night. At three in the morning they were separated only by a short space.

On board the French vessel they had cleared away the hammocks, and were ready for action. Each man was at his post. Captain B. was standing on the quarter-deck, his night-glass in his hand. The dark mass of the English frigate appeared approaching rapidly by the pale moonlight. B.'s observations were suddenly interrupted. The English, eager to attack the enemy, did not wait till they had come up with the Nereid, but sent her a volley while pursuing her.

B. seized the speaking-trumpet—"Haul in the larboard braces before," cried he, in a thundering voice, "and hoist those behind."

While they were executing this manœuvre, he slapped his lieutenant joyfully on the shoulder—"What say you to attacking Corbett? In being the first to fire he has lost twenty seconds. The imprudent man, to spare me the trouble of dismounting my cannon!"

In effect the forward sails of the Nereid were taken in, the others were hoisted, and the frigate, yielding to the recoiling movement, in an instant was at the side of the African. At this quick and unexpected manœuver the English commander saw the great error he had made. He had pointed his cannon to strike the enemy, who were flying before him, and now his cannoniers were working to change their position, while those of the Nereid were pouring their broadsides into her. The French had lost some men, but corpses were heaped on the decks of the African.

Corbett chafed; but his marines were brave as himself, and the combat was valiantly maintained. Deaths multiplied in the obscurity. Groans and cries mingled with the detonations. The balls made the blood spout, cut and broke the ropes and the ship; then a fight with sabres and axes commenced on both sides.

The cannon of the Nereid continued to thunder with unabated ardor, but the fire of the African began to languish. Three-fourths of her men were killed. She had no longer a mast left. The trumpet of Corbett was heard no more. His frigate moved like a warrior without arms. The last cannon-shot was heard and then his batteries were silent. Cries of victory were heard on the opposite deck.

"Take thirty men and go and man the African," said the French captain to his lieutenant.

The officer obeyed, and boarded the dismantled frigate. A moment after a call was given from the English vessel:

"The captain of the African prays the captain of the Nereid to come on board; it is the last wish of a dying man."

Notwithstanding the extraordinary invitation, Captain B. did not hesitate to go.

A frightful spectacle, even for his intrepid heart, met his sight on reaching the deck of the captured vessel. More than three hundred men were weltering in their blood. The deck panted with the death-rattle under his feet. The commodore was lying extended on his quarter-deck, struck by two musket balls. His pale face and half-closed eyes indicated the approach of death. Major Barry supported his head.

On perceiving the French captain, his features grew animated; he made an effort, and held out his hand.

"Thanks, Captain," said he, with a sad smile. "You play tragedy as well as comedy. You have conquered, but do not dishonor me. I have but a moment to live. Wait till my eyes are closed before you hoist your flag on my ship."

"Honor to you, Commodore," replied his enemy with emotion; "it shall be as you desire." And, turning to his lieutenant—"Let the red flag be raised on the broken masts!"

"Thanks!" faltered Sir Corbett, pressing his hand, after which he sank back on the knees of Sir Barry, and expired.

"Sir," said Captain B. to the only English officer who had survived the engagement, "salute, with your last cannon, the corpse of your brave commodore!" When the funeral discharge had resounded, "Now," said he, "display my flag above the red one!"

In the meantime, the remainder of the English squadron had crowded sail, and when day dawned the Boadicea, who led the rest, was within cannon-shot of the Nereid. Captain B. returned to his own deck. His men rallied round him.

"Have we any more balls?"

"We have not more than enough for twenty shots!" replied the commander of the battery.

"Every one to his post, then, and hold himself in readiness to fight!"

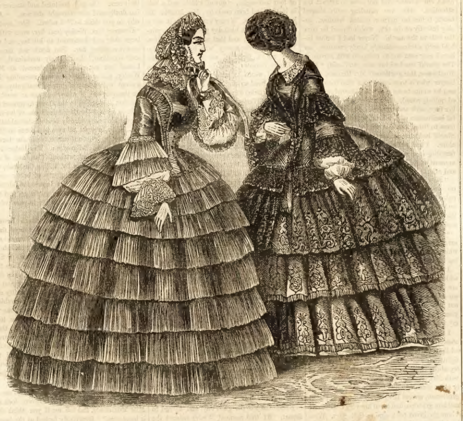
"The Boadicea," wrote the captain of the Nereid, in his report of the engagement, "contemplated the spectacle we had the honor to present her, and fell back on her division."

LONDON, PARIS AND NEW YORK FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

Fig. 1.—Dress of mallow-colored silk. The whole of the skirt, from the edge to nearly the waist, is ornamented with bias rows of silk, set on in quillings. The corsage, which fits closely to the figure, is in the jacket style, and has a small basque. A bouillonne of silk set on in quillings extends from each shoulder to the edge of the basque on each side. The sleeves are finished with two frills of narrow rows of silk, quilled like the trimming on the skirt. The corsage is fastened up the front by a row of amethyst buttons. The bonnet is composed of mallow-colored crape and white blonde, and has on one side two drooping feathers of mixed white and mallow-color. The under-trimming is white blonde and sprigs of lilac. Collar and under-sleeves of worked muslin. Straw-colored kid gloves.

Fig. 2.—Dress of Brown glace, the skirt with three flounces, ornamented with a design embroidered in silk of the same color. The flounces are set on in large box plaits. Corsage of black silk, trimmed with black lace, and with ruches of black satin or gauze ribbon. Under-sleeves formed of double puffs of muslin, with wristbands of needlework, and a worked muslin collar. The front hair is disposed in waved bandeaux on each side of the forehead, and the back hair is in four large loops or bows, with a small torsade in the center.



Nick Nax for all creation, published by the Picayune people, is one of the wittiest publications we have seen in a long time—it is filled with jokes and drolleries, appropriately illustrated. Success to it.